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The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 37 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 1950

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741: Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class Matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

VOL. 37, NO. 8 AUGUST 1950

Navajo Weaver

Anna Prince Redd

For days she sits, intent before her loom,
Sapling slim, cross-legged on the sand;
The young, hard muscles of her hand,
Flint-smooth and brown, wend the shuttle broom
In and out between the warp, and flay
The glowing yarns into a free design,
Of trees, of rain, and lightning's jagged line,
Tall corn, and sun-god's arrowed ray.

The loom is full; long shadows leave the sun.
She knows her tribal legends—and she should:
No dark threads meet to hedge the evil one
Lest he destroy the beautiful and good;
But newer meaning shapes the old designs
And on the weaver's face a new light shines.

The Cover: Old Barn Near Fredonia, Arizona, Photograph by Josef Muench.

Photograph by Hal Rumel

NAVAJO WEAVER

The Lamanites

President Antoine R. Ivins
Of the First Council of Seventy

THE major part of the Book of Mormon is devoted to an account of the hand-dealing of the Lord with Lehi and his family whom he saw fit to lead out of Jerusalem before its destruction, bringing them to the land which we now know as America. We are told that at the time of departure the family of Lehi consisted of his wife Sariah and four sons: Laman, Lemuel, Sam, and Nephi. Lehi was warned in a dream of the impending destruction of Jerusalem. To save himself and his family he would have to leave Jerusalem and follow the leadership of the Lord into a new land.

It appears that Lehi was a man of considerable means which he would not be able to carry with him. One may safely assume that he did not relish the thought of abandoning the accumulations of his lifetime, but he was a man of extreme faith and set about at once the preparations for his journey. I imagine he little realized the extent of the journey as it finally developed, or that he had much of an idea of the privations which they must all undergo. It seems that his two oldest sons had absolutely no pleasure in the thought of leaving their belongings behind. They began to murmur and complain from the beginning, in every possible way voicing their lack of faith in their father and their younger brother, Nephi, whom, because of his very great faith, the Lord later chose to recognize as the leader of the family. At no time during their lives did Laman and Lemuel show complete respect and loyalty to either their father or to Nephi. Their opposition ultimately took the form of open rebellion and warfare. As the people grew in numbers over the years, Laman and Lemuel, Sam and Nephi, and the others who left Jerusalem went the way of all flesh, but the strife engendered by Laman and Lemuel kept reappearing until the great final battle at Cumorah which resulted in the extermination of the faithful element, who had come to be called Nephites, while the rebellious and unfaithful had come to be called Lamanites. I feel that we are not justified in believing that all of the people who rallied to the banner of the Lamanites were actually descended from Laman and Lemuel or that all who called themselves Nephites were the actual descendants of Nephi, Sam, or other faithful sons of Lehi. The term *Nephite* soon came to mean the faithful, while the term *Lamanite* meant unfaithful people.

After the battle of Cumorah, the Lamanites were left in control, and it appears that there was but one faithful man left of the Nephites. To him we are indebted for the Book of Mormon, which tells us this story.

Because of this account, we are in the habit of thinking of all of the indigenous groups who were upon the land of the Americas when

Christopher Columbus landed here, as Lamanites. I wonder if we are justified in this assumption.

FROM the time of the depositing in the Hill Cumorah of the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated to the discovery of America by Columbus, as many years passed as were covered from the landing of Lehi's family in America to the exterminating battle at Cumorah. During this time great changes may have taken place in the populations of the Americas and among these changes may have been migrations of other groups to America. The Book of Mormon tells us of the Jaredites, the Mulekites, and Lehi's family. The Mulekites lived for years near to the Nephites before they were discovered by the latter. There may have been other peoples whom the Nephites never discovered living then on this great land. Or, as suggested, others may have come later. The very wide differentiation in the languages of the native races of the Americas would seem to indicate this possibility.

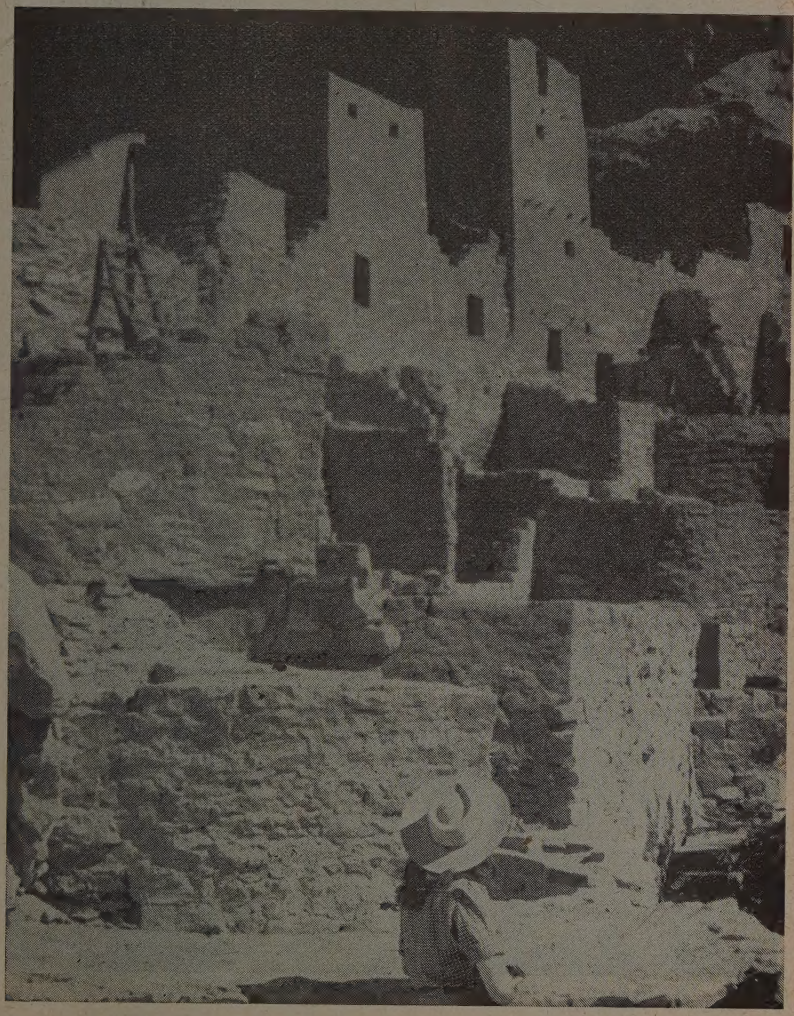
These thoughts, in no way, disturb my faith in the Book of Mormon. My testimony as to its truth is not based on external evidence, but has grown out of a study of its teachings. Its great evidence is internal rather than external. A careful, prayerful study of its message should give any sincere reader and student a testimony of its truth. Whether all of these indigenous peoples were descended from Lehi matters little. For the purposes of this short article we shall refer to them all jointly as Lamanites.

When the Americas were discovered by Cristobal Colon, there existed upon this land very extensive groups of people, some of whom had attained a very high degree of advancement. The most progressive of them were in Mexico, Central America, and northern South America. They had not only reached high development, but they had accumulated very great wealth in gold and silver, which the Spaniards, at once, undertook to transfer into the coffers of their rulers, making Spain then the wealthiest nation of the world. There were two great centers of civilization—one, Mexico City, and the other in Peru. The Aztecs ruled Mexico and Central America, while the Incas ruled Peru and lands to the southward. Both centers were extremely wealthy. At the time of conquest the Peruvians were not using a written language, but the Aztecs of Mexico had very voluminous records, written on a sort of parchment made from the fiber of the maguey plant, which the Spaniards deliberately destroyed. The people of both Mexico and Peru were great workers of gold and silver, examples of which are presently available for study in the museum of Mexico and other places. They also did excellent weaving, the Peruvians possibly excelling in this art. Astronomy was not unknown to them. The calendar of Mexico was actually superior to that brought them by the Spaniards.

Not so glamorous, but worthy of mention, was a development in the eastern part of the United States. Here a confederacy of several nations existed and had made considerable advancement. Under white

domination each of these civilizations has either disappeared or become decadent.

THE inspired prophets of Book of Mormon times felt constrained to make very great promises to the Lamanites, contingent upon their changing their ways and coming to God in faithful obedience to his teaching. Because of these promises and the charge which has been given to us to warn the entire



Photograph by Willard Luce

CLIFF DWELLING, MESA VERDE NATIONAL PARK, COLORADO

world, we have a very peculiar interest in all of these peoples. The Church was but an infant when the first mission was sent to the "Lamanites." The indications are that it would have been highly successful had our missionaries been allowed free access to the Indians. Opposition raised its head then and has continued to do so. The net re-

Photograph by Willard Luce

A YOUNG NAVAJO SQUAW FROM BLANDING, UTAH

sult of our missionary work has not yet been very great. The greatest number of conversions has been made among the Mexicans who, when properly approached, listen freely and make excellent members of the Church. At present we have two missions among the Mexicans, the Spanish-American mission in the United States and the Mexican

Photograph by Willard Luce

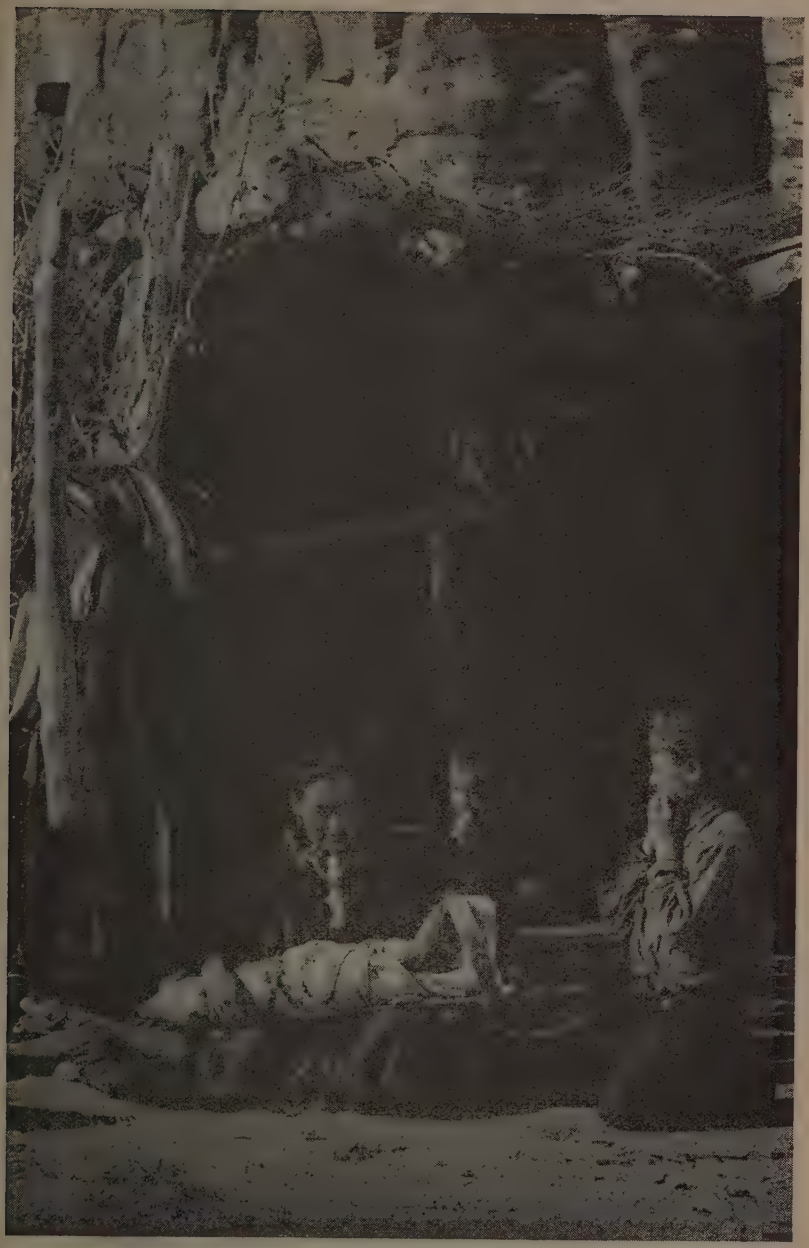
CLEMENT YOUNGEAGLE, PUEBLO INDIAN

Mission in Mexico and Central America. There are two other Spanish-speaking missions and one where Portuguese is spoken, but they do not deal directly with indigenous peoples. Most of the work which has been done with the Mexican people has been during my own lifetime. You will see by this that it is not very old.

Work among other native races has been very spasmodic. At different times and in different sections of the country Indians have been made members of the Church, usually not in large numbers. I have been told, but have never verified the statement, that in early days in St. George, where I was born, as many as two hundred Indians were baptized, but I cannot remember ever seeing an Indian in one of our sacrament meetings up to the time I left St. George in 1896. They seem to have been baptized and left pretty much to their own devices. Within the last few years this work in the stakes and missions has been stimulated. It is only a short time ago that the Navajo-Zuni Mission was organized. It has now grown into the Southwest Indian Mission and is operating under its second mission president. The results have been even better than was originally expected. When it is remembered that the missionaries do not learn the languages of the Indians and have to work through interpreters, the results seem all the more remarkable. It is a thrilling thing to observe the effects of the gospel in the lives of these people when they accept it. Because they have been an underprivileged people for so many years, the transition is more apparent than among other people whose living plane has been higher. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the men and women who are called to labor among them. Although it is a difficult assignment, both the young men and young women enter into it with great devotion and become sincerely attached to the people they work with.

WHEN one considers the little that has been accomplished and the fact that south of the United States there must be more than one hundred millions of these people, to say nothing of the numbers in the United States and Canada, the problem becomes almost appalling. Great promises have been made to these people in the Book of Mormon and, when realized, they will be the result of great changes in their manner of life. These changes should come through the observance of the principles of the gospel which must be taken to them by the Priesthood bearers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Let us not fail them in their extremity.

I said our greatest success was had among the Mexican people, but we have baptized far more people among the Islanders of the Pacific. My feeling, however, is that while they most likely are of the house of Lehi, they are more likely to be of the faithful branch than of the other. One writer whom I have read, who seems to have made a very extensive study of those peoples (Miles Poindexter in his book *The Ayar-Incas*), says that the people who ruled in New Zealand were



Photograph by Ray Loomis

NAVAJO FAMILY

Photograph by Willard Luce

NAVAJO BABIES

originally a large white race. Tradition tells us of an earlier native race, far inferior to the whites, who inhabited New Zealand. Poindexter thinks that the present dark skin of the Polynesians may have come from intermarriage with these smaller, darker people. That may possibly account for the color problem. It seems to be a pretty well established fact that both Samoa and Hawaii were settled from New Zealand. From these and other rather limited studies which I have made, I am inclined, especially when I note the avidity with which these people absorb the gospel, to the belief that they should be called Nephites. Their size, and their faith indicate that they are Hebraic, and their traditions would indicate that they left the Americas before the great final battle and even before the advent of Christ among the Nephites. We have come far more nearly complying with our obligation towards them than towards the indigenous mainland groups.

Yea, verily I say unto you, if ye will come unto me ye shall have eternal life. Behold, mine arm of mercy is extended towards you, and whosoever will come, him will I receive; and blessed are those who come unto me (3 Nephi, 9:14).

The Jumpher Family Camps

Deone R. Sutherland

"IT'S ridiculous," Mama said, "not to take enough things so we'll be good and comfortable."

"But we're only going for four days," Papa moaned. "I don't mind that camp stove so much, but Martin's rocker! Is he going to rock?"

Martin is the youngest in the family. He was rocking now on the edge of the sidewalk. People turned out for him.

"He might get tired," Mama said. Then she whispered, "Besides, you know how attached he is to that little rocker. I doubt if he'd come without it."

Martin had got awfully fond of his rocker. He'd drag it all over the apartment with him. Sometimes he'd sit in it with a little smile of blissful satisfaction curving his lips. He slept with it by his crib so he might reach out and touch it if he liked.

"But where will we put it? We're so overloaded now," said Papa, "we'll never make it up the steep stretches of the canyon."

"Well. . . ." Mama looked reflective. Then went over to the car. We were all standing around outside helping load the car, Papa, Mama, Randy, Richard, me, Martha Jane, and Martin in his rocker. Occasionally people going by would slow their cars and look back, or else, if they were walking, turn their heads casually in our direction, then sharply. Martin stared serenely back at the reluctantly diminishing forms of the passersby.

My sister Randy hated it. "Honestly," she said, "we can't even take a trip like other people. We have to be a spectacle." But I noticed she stayed around.

Mama had climbed into the car. "Can't we leave these things home, Hugh? It would make much more room on the rear seat, and maybe we could put the rocker—"

Papa groaned, "My fishing equipment! I might as well stay home as leave that. We'll have to put the rocker on top of that tent and bedding on the top of the car."

We finally coaxed Martin to leave the rocker and get inside the car. It was crowded, but Papa said the canyon wasn't too far away. We were very excited.

"I'm starving," said Richard. "Trips always make me hungry."

"We've barely started," said Papa.

"Hungry," moaned Martin.

Mama passed us a banana. After awhile we ate the oranges. Martin ate part of his and then rubbed it on the car window.

"Now, I can't see out at all," complained Randy. "Tell us when we get to the canyon." Martin reached over to rub his orange on Randy, but Mama caught him and pulled him into the front seat again. "This is a very lovely trip," Mama kept saying. "It was very nice of Papa to insist on taking all of us with him when he went fishing this year."

"We need a real outing together," Papa said emphatically. Then he ordered in a loud voice, "Smell!" It was the canyon. The car began

going uphill. It had been overloaded; we could feel it. "Lean forward," Richard shouted, and we leaned. We kept having to stop for water for the engine. "We should throw off something," said Richard. "Let's start throwing things off so we'll make it."

"No," said Mama decisively. When we were going again, Mama kept pointing out nice places to stop.

"Not me," said Papa, "we're not even out of civilization yet. Besides, I know the spots up ahead that are wonderful for camping where we can be all by ourselves."

"I don't think the car will make it," said Mama softly. "Look at the trees, children." We all looked and smelled. It was wonderful. So much green, and real pine trees and a creek. There were wild flowers and dense green places of more varied shades than we remembered existed. We sniffed the air again. There was a different odor, the odor of burning.

"The engine," Mama called. "Hugh!" Smoke curled out of the sides of the engine. Papa drove off the road towards the creek. We got out and ran for water. Puff went the engine and the paint on the top of the hood burned off. Papa threw the water, and the fire was out. He got in the car and tried to start the engine. It didn't start.

"I think this is a lovely place to camp," decided Mama.

"So do I," said Papa, grinning. "These new cars," he shook his head. "Remember the Model T we had when we were first married, Kate? We really could go up the hills in that." He patted Mama's shoulder.

"Hey," yelled Richard, "Martha Jane, get out of the creek!"

"We ought to get the tent up," reminded Mama.

"Yes," said Papa, "but let's explore a little."

We ran about deciding where everything would go. We cleared a place for the bonfire. Richard wandered off, and we went out to look for him.

"It's getting dark awfully fast," said Randy.

"Clouds," I said.

"Blow over in a minute," Papa said. "Richard," he hollered. He finally heard us, and we all ran to get to the camp before the storm. Mama, Martin, and Martha Jane were dragging our tent to the campsite.

"I believe we might have a little shower," said Papa, and Martin began to cry at the lightning. I jumped at a clap of thunder. We had no time to get the tent up. We crouched under it, watching the rain. Mama opened a box of cookies she had brought from the car, and we ate them. Martin opened his mouth to cry at the crash of thunder, but went to sleep instead. Papa made beds for the smallest ones in the car, and the rest of us sat in the encroaching mud under the canvas of the tent. "It can't last long," Papa kept saying. It rained all night.

We woke up stiff and muddy and fully clothed. "The bedding is ruined," Mama kept saying. "And so am I," she would say, feeling her hair. But the sun was shining, and the puddles would soon dry up, answered Papa.

Martin loved the puddles. "Oh," he'd say. "Oh!" and reach out his foot to step in one. We kept having to pull him back. Papa built a big fire, and we began to get dry. The smell of food made Richard say he was going to die of starvation, and the canyon trip began to be really fun after we had eaten.

"We'll all go explore Cooter's mine," said Papa. "I'll make this a real outing for you kids."

"Don't you think you ought to rest?" asked Mama. "After last night, I mean. You've been limping."

"Just a crick in my leg," said Papa. "It'll go away. Now everyone come. I'll carry Martin."

"No," said Mama, "Martin and I will stay here. I'll keep Martha Jane, too, and we'll fix things up a bit."

Martha Jane screwed up her face, though she really didn't know what she wasn't going to get to do.

"No," said Papa emphatically. "You rest with Martin, but I'll take Martha Jane off your hands. Come on, kids. I need a good chance to get acquainted with my family. We'll be back in plenty of time for lunch."

Mama waved to us, but she looked doubtful.

MARTHA Jane trotted along holding Papa's hand. Richard kept prancing ahead, and then running back. "It isn't far," said Papa, "if I remember rightly. Save your wind, Richard."

"I feel fine," said Richard, running up the trail.

I got tired, and Randy got tired.

"We should be there soon," said Papa.

Martha Jane sat down. "I's tired," she said. Papa carried her. He was puffing quite hard. Pretty soon he quit talking and just set his jaw.

"Haven't we hiked past this once before?" asked Richard, pointing to a pine tree growing through a rock.

"I believe we have," said Papa, puffing. He set Martha Jane down. We rested.

"Come on," said Richard, running ahead. In a moment he came back. "There's a sign up here," he said, "pointing that way to the mine." He pointed back in the direction from which we had come.

"Let's follow the signs," suggested Randy.

We climbed along the side of the mountain, Martha Jane on Papa's back. The mouth to the mine was small, and the huge logs holding up the entrance looked ancient. Papa was too tired to talk about it. He got out his flashlight and a string for all of us to hold on to. Martha Jane wouldn't get down so Papa carried her. Richard galloped ahead and back. The tunnel was damp and dark. Water trickled down the sides of the leaning walls. There were puddles on the ground, so we walked carefully along the cross ties.

"Yow!" screeched Richard far up ahead. We heard a slide of rock.

"Richard," called Papa, but there was no answer. "Richard, Richard!" called Papa, and we raced forward.

Papa handed Martha Jane to Randy, who staggered under the load. Papa ran faster than I've ever seen him. When we got up farther into the tunnel, we saw Papa lying flat in the wet, damp mud talking to Richard. Richard had fallen

through one side of the track to a kind of cave beneath. Mud and debris partially filled the cave, but Richard still couldn't reach Papa's hand.

"Gee," said Richard, "I guess you'll have to leave me here." We gathered around and looked down at him. Martha Jane began to cry.

"Hush," said Papa. "We certainly won't leave him here after all the money we've spent on him." Papa handed Richard the string, but it was only to steady him; it could never hold him.

"You'll have to stay here with Richard," said Papa to Randy and me and Martha Jane. "I'll have to go out and hunt for a pole or something." Then he made us promise not to move one inch one way or another until he came back. "Anything might cave in under you at any time," he said.

We were impressed. We sat perfectly still, though our legs ached, and we began to feel cold from the damp.

"You can show people my skeleton," called Richard, "and charge."

"Be quiet," said Randy.

Everybody felt gloomy, except Richard. He seemed very cheerful. Martha Jane cried herself to sleep on Randy. Our feet were wet and muddy, and when we had just decided to abandon Richard and try to find out what Papa might have fallen into, he came back. He was dragging two long limbs from trees. Branches, partially cut off, stuck out on the sides. Papa had a bandage around one of his hands. "Just a slight scratch," said Papa. "I thought it would never stop bleeding," he added. We were too cold to be very sympathetic.

RICHARD climbed out, after much slipping back and caving in of dirt. His hair was matted with mud.

"Your mother will never know you," said Papa to Richard and then to us. He tied us together with string and took Martha Jane on his back. We went very slowly.

"I'm hungry," Randy announced.

"I don't want to hear about it," replied Papa.

"Hungry," said Martha Jane, beginning to cry again.

Papa sang to her. "Oh, little Redwing, don't you cry. Oh, little Redwing." We didn't laugh. We were too tired.

The sun made us squint when we got outside. Papa blocked the cave as a sign of warning and said he'd hike back with a sign since we didn't have any paper.

"Today?" we asked with interest.

"Not today," he said, looking away, "tomorrow."

We slipped and slid and crawled down, down. Randy and I moaned. Richard galloped ahead, clutching trees and hallooing wildly. Papa came down backwards, sometimes on his knees, holding Martha Jane tightly. We got back much faster than we went up, but it still took a long time.

"Your mother will be very worried," said Papa; "it's long after lunch."

We beat Papa and Martha Jane in by a mile, and Richard beat us. Mama had lunch waiting and the camp all fixed neatly. We felt much better, though Mama was horrified at how we looked.

"Did you all stand on your heads in mud?" she asked. We explained while we packed water to heat so

we could get clean, which Mama said was going to be a job.

Papa got to the camp at last. He gasped and lay down on the ground. Martha Jane ran to Mama, and then she saw the swing. "Swing," she squealed. She ran in circles, toe-danced to the swing. She seemed very happy and not tired at all.

Mama got out the first-aid kit and bandaged Papa's hand. She put merthiolate on his scratches while he groaned. "I'm dead," he kept saying. He revived to eat and wash and then lay down again on a blanket. He slept all afternoon while we explored. That night he told us stories, and we roasted marshmallows around the campfire.

Mama took us for a short hike the next morning while Papa fixed the car. He had to flag someone and go to the city for parts. It took him all day. He hired a man to drive him back. Then the next afternoon Papa wrote a sign about a very dangerous mine and cave-in and set off to post it. Mama sent Richard with him to show him the way, though she whispered that part to Richard. Also, on no condition, were they to go into the mine. "Don't worry," said Papa.

We hated to leave the canyon. Papa was packing the car again, and we were helping. "Kate," he said, looking over a pile of bedding, "I never imagined in a thousand years kids were so much work, that things pertaining to a family could be so exhausting." He looked at Mama with great admiration and shook his head. We all felt very conceited as if Papa had praised us.

"I don't want to go," wailed Martha Jane, and Papa had to chase her. At last we were ready.

"Oh, my pine cones," Randy yelled, and leaped from the car and ran across the camp area. "I can't find them," she called. She disappeared from sight. There was a kind of squeak and shout. Papa jumped out of the car. Randy came up from the creek. Rivulets of water dripped from her jeans. Mama ran with a blanket. "I slipped," Randy explained.

"One more shock—" said Papa.

We were off, finally, winding down the canyon. It seemed a long time since we had first come to stay, since we had been home.

"It's too bad, Hugh, you didn't get to fish at all," sympathized Mama, holding Martin so he could see outside.

"I don't mind," said Papa.

"This was the best trip," declared Richard, "that we ever had."

"Let's do it every summer," suggested Randy.

"Promise!" we all shouted at Papa. Papa promised.

"We had a wonderful time camping," Randy said.

We really had.

My Thorn

Maude O. Cook

You say that your rose has a thorn?
Why do you not try to transpose,
And say without sorrow or scorn,
"My thorn has a beautiful rose?"

Organizing the Relief Society Magazine Campaign

N. Florence Hanny

Former *Magazine* Representative, Firth Ward and Shelley Stake, Idaho

1. Consider the calling which you have accepted seriously. Putting *The Relief Society Magazine* into the homes of the people in your ward is your work.

2. Before beginning in any way, kneel in humble prayer before the Lord and tell him that you have been called to this work and that you have told those presiding over you that you would try to do it, and ask in faith for the Lord's help to guide you.

3. Prepare a list of names of all women in your district, whether or not these women belong to the Relief Society organization. Consult your ward Relief Society secretary for all names of Church members in your district which she has listed in the visiting teacher report book. Use your own judgment as to whether or not you will call upon non-members of the Church. This is an additional possibility for subscriptions and may result in much good in bringing the gospel to other people. (*The Relief Society Magazine* was placed in the homes of eighteen non-members of the Church in the Firth Ward, Shelley Stake, in 1948. Firth is a small town with 102 Latter-day Saint and part Latter-day Saint families.)

4. Have a goal representing what you would like to do. Latter-day Saints work for the highest degree. The number enrolled on the Relief Society record in your ward is the number of subscriptions you will need to obtain 100 per cent in your work. Seventy-five per cent will place you on the Honor Roll in *Magazine* work, but it takes the number of your ward enrollment at the close of 1949 to make 100% for your ward in 1950.

5. Make a definite study of the principal features of *The Relief Society Magazine*, so that you will be prepared to tell others about it.

6. You are now ready to begin your work. Before going into the homes, be humble and prayerful and rely on the Lord in all things. Let your mind be open to inspiration and make use of new thoughts which may come to you for working possibilities. This is really the interesting part in connection with the work. Have several copies of the *Magazine* with you and let the people see what you desire to tell them about the *Magazine*.

7. Wherever you go, let the visit be a pleasant one. Let the brief visit be one of happiness to you and to the one whom you contact. Consider carefully refusals; there may be some way you can help. Take plenty of time to consider all details carefully, be tactful and suggestive, but never try to force others to see as you would like to have them. Generally, visits should be short ones, but on one occasion I took my crocheting with me and sat a while in each home visiting a few minutes. In our community everyone is my friend and I wanted to visit with them awhile and also I was walking and would have about three miles or more to go before the afternoon was over. I planned my homework so I could have every Monday afternoon on *Magazine* work, as it was needed.

8. Be "*Magazine Friendly*" with the people in your ward the year around. Ask the subscribers if they are getting their *Magazines*, if they are enjoying them. Did you read this article by ————, or that story by ————? Talk about the lessons or

other features. By all means, if you place the *Magazine* in the home of a non-member of the Church, try to call again. Do not let her feel that you just called to sell the *Magazine* and take her money. Our president asked me to invite the non-members to come out with us, so I usually asked them to visit with us on work-meeting day.

9. A good poster in your Church building may be helpful. In the Shelley Stake we have used many posters. Each ward worker made one or more for her use, and we displayed them all together in a stake display. Dramatize a feature of the *Magazine* in a ward Relief Society meeting. Original or used songs may be presented occasionally by the chorister; songs featuring the *Magazine* can be introduced in connection with social events.

10. Occasionally those already subscribing may like to send the *Magazine* to a friend or relative living in a distant place. This is a good way to increase your number of subscriptions and also a way to help take the message of the gospel to others. Last year a number of gifts were placed in homes within our own ward territory. If a person, financially able to subscribe, refuses with the statement that she is too busy to read the *Magazine*, ask her if she would be willing to make a gift of it to another person.

11. Keep your work up to date. Always have a working record for your own benefit as a *Magazine* worker, listing the expirations which will take place each month and also a list of prospective new subscribers. Never leave the bulk of your work until December or you will be most certain to fall below the 100 per cent mark. January is a good time to begin doing what you did not get done the year before. I like a January *Magazine* Department in Union Meeting, wherein all ward workers can tell a few ways which they can see wherein they could have improved in their work. It is well to remember that if new subscribers can subscribe before the first of June, they will receive *Magazines* containing all of the lesson material for the coming year.

12. Let nothing cause you to be timid in your work. It may not be easy, but it is a work wherein there is great joy, and there is a way. Memorize and repeat over and over to give you courage in your calling the words of Nephi: "And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father: I will go and do the thing which the Lord hath commanded, for I know the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them" (I Nephi 3:7).

13. Work for 100 per cent. Enjoy your work. When you have reached the 100 per cent mark do not think that is sufficient, but try for one or two more subscriptions and then for one or two more and on and on as long as there is anything that can be done. Getting the extra ones is where the fun comes in, and be sure you get in on the fun. Little by little we climbed last year, in the Firth Ward, until, instead of the 68 subsbcriptions which made our one hundred per cent, we reached the 98 mark. At that point, one evening I was in the presence of our bishop and I mentioned how we had been blessed. The bishop said, "If you could get 102 subscriptions you would have 100 per cent for every Latter-day Saint and part Latter-day Saint family in the ward." I combed the possibilities remaining and went out to try, and the Lord blessed me in my efforts.

Radiant Gift

Ruth Harwood

In the upwelling glory of my mood
I would express my fervent gratitude
For this dear gift of beauty in the heart,
And power to give it utterance in art.

Where Love Abideth

Alice Whitson Norton

ON the corner of Gay Street and Mulberry Avenue, as strangely out of place as a bird of paradise on the public market of any thriving city, was a flower shop.

A small affair it was, but so bright were its windows, so spotless the inside, and so genial were the elderly couple that ran it, that one thought of the little shop in big proportions.

It had caught my attention the first time I had passed by on a small, dinky streetcar that ran out on Gay Street to a substantial residential district, and somehow no matter how often passed, I rarely failed to cast a glance at the little shop. One day when I happened to be driving in, I stopped and bought a few flowers from the old couple running the place, and after that I was a frequent customer.

On that first day I learned the elderly couple were depending on that little shop for a living, and earning a living at their age was not such an easy task when one grows one's own flowers. They hadn't intended this to happen when the little shop and the bright garden were first started. Oh, no! When the shop and garden were started there had been two sturdy boys with willing hands to do the manual labor of growing. Then came World War I and the sturdy young men went bravely marching off, each with a carnation in his buttonhole—and that was the picture the parents held of their sons.

When their names appeared among the missing after a bloody battle on the Argonne front, the owners of the small shop found comfort for their wounded hearts in the earth that produced the blossoms and the little shop through which they marketed their wares. They made no outcry against fate, nor did they go about with long, sad faces. Their loyal sons had gone West in a great cause and the shop owners must carry on.

For years they were up with the dawn, planting and hoeing, clipping and arranging the bright bouquets for the little shop; and far into the night a light could be seen moving over the fertile garden plot back of the small shop.

But there came a day when I missed the old couple, and curiosity, mixed with genuine interest, prompted me to stop for flowers when I really didn't need them.

The "Missus" was sick, a new keeper told me—terribly sick. There were no funds to hire a nurse, so the old man had stayed at home to look after her, and this new man had taken over the shop.

As time went by the little shop began to lose its brightness; the windows became dingy, the flowers wilted in their holders, and the customers in the habit of dropping by for their fresh bouquets began buying elsewhere, and finally one morning I looked out of the trolley window and discovered the door was closed, and on it a placard, "For Rent."

THAT rent sign stirred my heart and set my feet in action, and a few hours later I was knocking on the door of the little house in front of a sadly neglected flower garden several blocks from the little shop. I knew by old Tolly's face that things were in a bad way when he opened the door for me, but he smiled as bravely as a soldier under fire.

"Don't tell her," he warned, with a motion toward the room housing his invalid wife, "that the shop is closed. It would break her heart—and I couldn't stand that—"

I nodded an agreement and followed the man into a dark room.

"This is not my idea of living, Miss Ellen," Mrs. Tolly murmured faintly, "but I have been very ill with fever and it's settled in my eyes. I may become blind—and—" her voice faltered slightly, "I—may never walk again."

"Oh, but she speaks so foolish," chuckled the old man. "It is only a matter of time before she will see and walk again, and why should she worry, with the little flower shop moving along so fine?"

"She shouldn't worry," I comforted, pondering in my heart at the loyalty of the aged man.

"Somehow, some way," he continued, "old Tolly will manage to grow and sell flowers, and care for the Missus."

I felt a calloused hand clasp mine and looked down upon the tightly bandaged eyes of Tolly's wife.

"Where love abideth, Miss Ellen," she said softly, "faith can work miracles. My husband has always been like that. His faith is great, and his love is wonderful. Fifty years," she went on, "we have lived together, working side by side, in unity of thought and purpose—now—I am sick and he is carrying the whole burden."

"A man," I managed to say, "is supposed to be the stronger of the species, and I am sure Mr. Tolly will find a way to carry on and provide for you."

"Only with flowers," she answered calmly, "can my Tolly earn a decent living for us, and I'm so glad he still has the little shop. Be sure to keep the windows bright, Tolly," she added whimsically.

A few weeks later I learned that Mrs. Tolly would never walk again, but her eyesight would be restored. That was something we had scarcely hoped for. But not walking presented another problem—a wheel chair must be provided, but how?

"You cannot know the sorrow in my heart, Miss Ellen," old Tolly whispered, when this discovery was made, "that I am unable to buy the chair. She doesn't dream our funds are gone and the little shop is closed. What shall I do?"

"It isn't what you shall do, Mr. Tolley," I answered, "but what can you do?"

"I once made a living selling pencils and shoestrings on the street," he answered with a faint smile. "But she must never know, Miss Ellen, maybe I can do that again. By leaving home early and coming in late she will think I am but working all the harder with my flowers, see?"

"Yes," I said. "I see something I've never seen before—the endurance of true love."

AFTER that I visited the little house often and listened with genuine joy to the stories Mrs. Tolly told of her husband's progress in the flower shop alone.

"Always," she said, "he brings me a bright flower when he comes in at night, and since he is running the garden alone he is growing many wonderful new species."

That he was buying these wonderful new species with money he had earned from selling pencils and shoestrings I never breathed. It was Tolly's way, not mine, of keeping his life partner happy.

By and by the lovely wheel chair became a reality and in a remarkably short time Mrs. Tolly was moving about the place with surprising speed. And what she learned to do from that wheel chair would put to shame many a normal woman's effort. The little house was restored to its cheery atmosphere, dust gave way to shining corners and polished furniture; and a sense of quietude and peace enveloped the place to such a degree that I found myself lingering with every visit. Strange, spicy odors often filled the air when I entered the door, and I learned the invalid was at her old tricks of preparing delightful dishes for her household.

"She makes them out of almost nothing," the man informed me, when I sniffed the rich aroma escaping from a hot spice cake.

"But he brings in the nothing I demand to make the spice cake out of," the woman interrupted, "and that is why my heart sings so happily—to think my Tolly can grow and sell flowers," she added thoughtfully, "just as if I were right there helping all the time! It gives me courage to undertake anything, Miss Ellen."

A sudden demand for my presence in the East interrupted my little visits for a period of three months, but the first opportunity that came after I returned home to pay a visit to the invalid found me knocking on her door.

That Tolly had kept his secret and was providing her with the necessities of life I felt assured at first glimpse of the room. Fresh flowers filled the vases over the mantel and on the living room table, while the most heavenly odors imaginable penetrated the atmosphere.

"What are you up to now?" I inquired after our visit was over.

"You wouldn't think I could sit down and leave my Tolly the whole burden, Miss Ellen?" she asked softly.

"I don't understand," I countered.

"Perhaps you were in the dark, too, Miss Ellen," she whispered softly, "but I found out all by myself that Tolly had lost the shop and the flower garden and was earning a living for me by peddling shoestrings and pencils, and . . . ." Suddenly her face lighted with a glorious smile and her hand closed over mine. "I, too, can play a game, Miss Ellen," she whispered eagerly. "I never let Tolly know I had discovered our loss, but just to pass the time away and make the days shorter when he must be away from home, I make the little spice cakes you smell and sell them through the back door."

Reaching for a little blue-flowered bowl under the edge of the pantry

shelf, she handed it to me, and smiled at the surprise registered at its weight.

"My earnings for three days," she said proudly. "Nine dollars and a half in nickles and dimes. Not so bad, is it?" she asked eagerly. "And Tolly would never guess I do it for anything save pleasure!"

On the corner of a crowded thoroughfare that afternoon I saw old Tolly courteously disposing of his wares, a look of triumph on his wrinkled face and a twinkle in his eyes. Just as I took the car, I saw him enter a florist shop and a strange emotion filled my soul. At last, I mused to myself, I had discovered that where love abideth sacrifice is sweet, and home, whether palace or hovel, is a place shining with joy.

Night Song

Lizabeth Wall

Let all the sounds of the earth be hushed;
Let all the noises of night be stilled.
Nothing must waken my elfin-child,
Sleeping where showers of stars have spilled.

Nothing must waken my elfin-child,
She who lies curled like a slim, brown leaf.
Hush, little night birds and wandering winds,
Let all your songs be soft and brief.

Hush, little night birds and wandering winds,
Turn all your songs into lullabies.
Nothing must waken my elfin-child
Till the morning kisses her shadowed eyes.

Renascence

Marian Schroder Crothers

Grieve not, when I am gone,
That I no more shall hear
On some bright, cloudless day,
The lark's song, crystal clear.
My heart, remembering
The lovely song he sings,
Will joyously awake
In some eternal spring.

Things to Remember

Eleanor W. Schow

These are the things that are most to me
To hold in my heart and to ponder on:
A placid moon over a cypress tree,
An orchid dusk, and a golden dawn.

And a day that was dearer than all the rest
That ever had been, or yet could be,
When I knew that my life was forever blessed
By a look on your face that was all for me.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1890

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

PRIDE, HOW SHALL WE DEFINE IT: In my opinion dignity and self-respect belong to the Deity. Did not Jesus say, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect?" In this we learn that God is our Father. Accordingly, those who believe this and obey his commandments will obtain his spirit which when it is obtained they will find it gives them dignity and self-respect, for these are attributes of the Deity and not pride as one may suppose. Vanity and self-conceit are dangerous properties. Why should one become vain because he has arrived at some attainment which another has not. He may fill another position the first is not capable of filling.—Mary

AN INTERESTING TIME: In company with Mrs. Jane S. Richards, First Counselor to Mrs. Zina D. H. Young, we left on Thursday, August 7 to visit the sisters in Iron County and attend Conference in that Stake. We reached Cedar City Friday evening after a drive of fifty-five miles. Saturday we met with the Relief Society of Cedar. We met with the Relief Society of Beaver Stake and there were about as many men as women present. We noticed in the audience Elders Daniel Tyler, Wm. Fotheringham, Benjamin Bennett and other prominent brethren, among them Brother Shepherd an old-time Elder in Israel. Tuesday morning we left Beaver and met with the Relief Society at Minersville. We saw Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert, one of the oldest members of the Church, the widow of Sidney Gilbert prominent in the days of Kirtland and also in the persecutions of the Church in Missouri. Mrs. Gilbert has just passed her ninetieth birthday Aug. 7, she is not feeble as one might expect, she talks well, told us she was baptized into the Church in 1830 and had never been reproved or brought before the teachers or authorities in all those sixty years. After the meeting in Minersville we turned our faces homeward. It is exceedingly pleasant and interesting to travel among the people and see them in their homes and assemblies. The Relief Society and other organizations are doing great good in the midst of the Saints wherever they are located.

SUPPLICATION

Lord thou who see'st all my heart,
And know'st my every thought:
Help me to do thy holy will
And serve Thee as I ought.

And when my path seems dark and wild,
And hope burns low within;
Look down upon Thine erring child,
And keep my heart from sin.

—Charity

DEFINITION OF POLITICAL ECONOMY: There is no wealth but life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy and admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is the richest who, having perfected the function of his own life to the utmost, has also the wisest helpful influence, both personal and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. A strange political economy founded on self-interest being the fulfillment of that which once brought schism into the policy of angels and ruin into the economy of heaven."—Ruskin

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JUNE 1st of this year, Mabel Young Sanborn, last living child of President Brigham Young, unveiled the statue of her father during impressive ceremonies in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C. This beautiful piece of work, created by Mahonri Young, grandson of Brigham Young, now takes its place among the statues of other great figures of American history.

ABBIE S. YOUNG is the only living daughter-in-law of President Brigham Young. Married to Brigham Young, Jr., she was left a widow with seven children at the age of thirty-three. Now eighty, she still does beautiful needlework and is writing an autobiography and a biography of her grandparents.

MARGARET CHASE SMITH, our Nation's only woman senator, recently pleaded the supreme need for a high sense of honor and justice, and a deep insight into our country's needs to transcend party loyalties. There is talk of Senator Smith's being nominated as vice-president of the United States.

A much-enjoyed Latter-day Saint author, Merling Dennis Clyde, died last May. For many years she was a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*. Her poetry is particularly uplifting and inspirational in tone.

WINNER of the Frank W. Darling Memorial Prize ($50) for a single sonnet, sponsored by the Poetry Society of Virginia, is our own Eva Willes Wangsgaard of Ogden, with her offering "No Barren Bough."

ELLEN ROMNEY SCHOFIELD, eighty-six, recently died in Los Angeles. Daughter of Vilate Ellen Romney and Bishop George Romney, Sister Schofield was active in Church work, particularly Relief Society, until her death, and left behind her a host of friends.

THE general board has been happy to learn that the Female Samaritan Association, with aims very much like those of the Relief Society, has celebrated its one hundred and twenty-second birthday, having been organized in Portland, Maine, March 4, 1828. It is still active in spiritual and physical charities.

So far as is known the Latter-day Saint Relief Society, organized in 1842, is the oldest women's organization of national and international scope that has persisted. If anyone knows anything to the contrary, the general board would be glad to be given this information.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 37 AUGUST 1950 NO. 8

Work is a Blessing

"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."
—Thomas Carlyle

THERE is a dangerous wave of thinking in our world today which regards work as punishment, as an evil to be avoided. The present tendency seems to be the desire to avoid work, to seek continually for shorter hours, fewer work days, easier tasks, less responsibility—all of these so-called "benefits" to be accompanied by higher compensation. The substance of the matter seems to be a philosophy of giving less and receiving more—of gaining something for nothing. This is a law of diminishing returns, a negative and a destructive philosophy. It is the philosophy of the destroyer—not the faith of the builder.

Many rich rewards are promised by people who seem to think that wealth and happiness can be achieved without effort. We are told that in the perfect society very little work will be necessary. "The necessity of toil is a superstition," some social planners would have us believe. "That man is expected to work for a living is an absurdity in this age. We must abandon the superstition of the morality of toil and the nonsense of trying to earn a living."

Latter-day Saints, as well as other people all over the world, are being subjected to this type of philosophy, and some of them are giving credence to beliefs that are entirely alien to the teachings of the gospel. According to our doctrine, no earthly kingdom and no heavenly kingdom, can be built without sustained and noble effort. No individual can achieve earthly development or salvation in heaven without work. Rather than seeking to avoid labor, we should seek out the tasks which are commensurate with our strength and our ability, and we should seek even that work which is beyond our present capabilities that we may grow and become "rich in good works."

From the very beginning of the Church we have been instructed in the gospel of work. Our communities were built and our valleys made fruitful by the labor of the hands of our forefathers and we shall ourselves become strong and happy only by our own efforts.

Brigham Young explained this fundamental belief in simple words of great power:

> This people are increasing in the wisdom which cometh from God, and their power to organize the crude elements . . . into the necessities of life is in ratio to their increase of intelligence and application of labor. . . . I do not look for power from the heavens that will produce for us wool, cloth, iron, food, or anything we need, without being made with hands. We should understand what is required of us to sustain ourselves (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 262).

We must all be as strong and as self-supporting as we can be, or there will occur a great disintegration of society caused by the dependence of too many people upon the few who have maintained their integrity through the use of their intelligence and their ability and desire to work. It is evident all around us that some people are carrying a great load of responsibility while others are not even doing their own share.

The great commandment which was given to our first parents has never been withdrawn, and its application is of equal force in this our time:

> And it came to pass . . . that Adam began to till the earth . . . and to eat his bread by the sweat of his brow, as . . . the Lord had commanded him. And Eve, also, his wife, did labor with him" (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:1).

—V. P. C.

Centennials for 1950

THIS important milestone in the middle of the twentieth century marks the one hundredth anniversary of many events in Church history.

Several mission centennials are being commemorated this year, celebrating the carrying of the gospel to those far countries, honoring the memories of the first missionaries and the saints who have since become members of the Church.

* * *

ONE hundred years ago, on June 14, 1850, the Northland was opened as a mission by the apostle, Erastus Snow, accompanied by Elders John E. Forsgren and George P. Dykes. Elder Peter O. Hansen was already laboring among his relatives and friends in Scandinavia, and thus began the marvelous work which, over the years, has resulted in bringing much strength to the Church. When Elder John E. Forsgren baptized his brother Peter near Gefle, Sweden, in July 1850, the first of thousands of converts accepted the gospel. Hans F. Petersen, the first missionary to Norway, arrived in that country in September 1851. A 1950 survey of 681 wards of the Church reveals that forty-four per cent of the membership was found to be of Scandinavian or part Scandinavian descent. From these loyal and gifted people have come many of our ablest and most dependable workers in the wards and branches of the Church. In June 1950, Elder John A. Widtsoe sailed from New York City on his way to attend mission centennial celebrations in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Oslo.

* * *

AT the small seaport town of Boulogne-sur-Mer in northern France, three Latter-day Saint missionaries arrived on June 18, 1850. They were John Taylor, who was later to become President of the Church, and his companions, Elders Curtis E. Bolton and William Howells. They were joined a few days later by Elder John Pack. Many times during the century, work in this mission was interrupted and many obstacles blocked the path of the missionaries, but, in 1912, the French Mission was formally organ-

ized by President Rudger Clawson of the European Mission. In the ensuing years chapels were built, the mission paper, *l'Etoile* was printed, and considerable progress has been made.

* * *

A mission to the Hawaiian Islands was established in December of 1950, when ten men, Hiram Clark, Thomas Whittle, H. W. Bigler, Thomas Morris, John Dixon, William Farrer, James Hawkins, Hiram Blackwell, George Q. Cannon, and Thomas Keeler arrived in Honolulu. The first branch was organized at Kulu on the Island of Maui by Elder George Q. Cannon in 1851. Elder Cannon translated the Book of Mormon into the Hawaiian language. Also, in 1851, two Latter-day Saint women accompanied their husbands to the islands. They were Mrs. Philip B. Lewis and Mrs. Francis A. Hammond. Later, Mrs. John S. Woodbury joined her husband in Hawaii. This mission has been continuous and one of the most successful in the Church. As Elder Cannon so well expressed it, the spirit of the gospel was carried with strength and conviction to the islands of the sea:

> My prayer was that the time might speedily come when all should know the Lord, and when His knowledge should cover the earth as the waters covered the deep; and I believed in uniting works and faith.

* * *

IN this same eventful year of 1850 missionaries began to preach the gospel in several other countries. A small branch was organized in Dublin, Ireland, by Elder Edward Sutherland. Lorenzo Snow, an apostle, at that time, accompanied by Elders Joseph Toronto and Thomas B. H. Stenhouse, arrived in Genoa, Italy, in June, and began missionary work. Thomas B. Stenhouse, later in the year, was ordained to open the Swiss mission and, in December, he began to preach the gospel in Geneva. Jabez Woodard, who arrived in Italy in September, was called in November to preside over mission activities in that country.

* * *

JUNE 15, 1950, was a memorable day for the Church paper, *The Deseret News*, which on that day celebrated the completion of a century of publication. Beginning its work of inspiring, educating, and informing the people only three years after the arrival of the pioneers in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, this paper has accurately and vividly recorded the growth of a people and the establishment of a commonwealth in the valleys of the mountains; it has recorded, also, the history of the spreading of the gospel to the far corners of the earth and the gathering of many saints to the promised valleys.

The *News*, while looking backward with pride on its outstanding achievements, is well aware of its responsibility to the future. The Centennial editorial presents a challenging preview:

> The century to come opens a vista of tremendously augmented power. . . . The proper use of that power—be it atomic, electrical, political, or spiritual—is man's responsibility. Man's wisdom in using increased power . . . will determine the shape of the century to come. . . . In its second century, the *Deseret News* proposes to continue its devotion to the tried and true principles: TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

AMONG other historical events important to Latter-day Saints in the year 1850 was the settlement of Lehi, American Fork, Pleasant Grove, Little Salt Lake Valley, Payson, and Ogden. Many exploring parties traveled extensively over the Great Basin. Hundreds of English saints arrived in Great Salt Lake Valley. In September the Congress of the United States passed an act establishing the Territory of Utah, and more than a month later the news of this event reached the Valley. Brigham Young was appointed governor. Parley's Canyon was opened to travel through the Wasatch Mountains, and Parley Pratt named this road "The Golden Pass." It became an important route for emigration to the Pacific Coast, and was thus established as a "golden" link in the ever-widening frontiers of America.

The University of Utah also celebrated its Centennial in 1950, and now, at the turn of its second century, looks forward to even greater service. This pioneer institution was discussed in an editorial in the May issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*.

At this time, as Relief Society women, we are impressed with the accomplishments of our people in the past one hundred years, and we realize anew the importance of time, and of our own brief place in the swift passing of the years. The century that lies ahead will no doubt give us and our children great opportunities and great responsibilities.

—V. P. C.

Mother---Pioneer

Dorothy J. Roberts

From nine to ninety, what a light loaf grew
Under her kneading into famous bread.
And always at seven, twelve, and half-past-five,
Sure, and good as seasons, was her table spread.

More than ninety years she held her beauty clean;
And white and shining were her face and hair,
And fresh as a maiden on an Easter morn,
She graced, at ninety-one, her rocking chair.

The fine, burled walnut of her bridal bed,
Darkened with time into a soft repose,
Still handsome, sturdy and unmarred by years,
Blessed her slumber to its peaceful close.

Complacent

Beulah Huish Sadleir

I have a handkerchief pinned to my dress—
For fear I shall lose it,
Like all of the rest.

I have a memory pinned to my heart—
No cause to worry—
The pin is a dart.

Beauty Is in Everything

Gene Romolo

Beauty is in everything
Molded by the hand of God,
From mankind, his masterpiece,
To the emerald-bladed sod,
But only faith-filled eyes can see
Its imprint of divinity.

American Pottery and Porcelain

PART I

Rachel K. Laurgaard

Illustrations by Elizabeth Williamson

FOR a good many years Americans showed little interest in their native pottery makers. From the day that Mary Chilton Winslow and Priscilla Mullins Alden set out their sturdy English pewter to receive the first meal cooked in their new homes, and, for almost a hundred years thereafter, hardly a mention is made of the men or establishments which supplied the earthen pots in which these good wives must have cooked their beans, the vessels which they used for carrying water, or the crocks for storing butter, pickles, or oysters. Yet, the Virginia Colony is supposed to have had commercial potteries by 1650, and lists of Dutch settlers in New York contain names of "Pot-Bakers" as early as 1657. Perhaps the Pilgrim father accepted "pot-baking" as his responsibility during the cold and confining New England winters or, perhaps, a neighboring farmer turned out crocks to barter for other household necessities. At any rate, the task was not considered worthy of historical mention.

In 1684, Daniel Coxe of Burlington, New Jersey, set up a pottery which, tradition states, turned out "white stoneware," probably of the salt-glazed type, which was being produced by contemporary Staffordshire potters. No known examples of his handiwork have come down to us.

A hundred years later a famous English potter, William Cookworthy, informs us that American potters were doing a high quality of work. He wrote to a friend in 1745, that the potters of Virginia were producing "china ware. . . ." equal to the Asiatic from "petuntse and kaolin" to be found "in the back of Virginia." The Cherokee natives called the clay "unaker," and several English firms—Bow, Worcester, Bristol, and Wedgwood—seem to have been importing it for use in their china making. A number of Staffordshire potters immigrated to North Carolina and set up a pottery, and even the eminently successful Josiah Wedgwood was fearful lest they might eventually capture his large American market. He could not foresee that American housewives were to continue their prejudice in favor of English wares and against American for many generations to come. Josiah Wedgwood need not have worried! A hundred and fifty years later, the descendants of those Staffordshire immigrants were still practicing their family trade in the mountains of North Carolina, with their mountaineer neighbors as their only customers. One old potter, ironically enough, was named Josiah Wedgwood Sheffield! He pronounced it "Shuffle."

Potters from Staffordshire had settled in New York, Pennsylvania,

and New Jersey, also, and the so-called "Pennsylvania Dutch" ware, with its interesting tulip and bird designs, was inspired, probably, as much by the slip ware of Staffordshire as the faience of Germany and Holland. It was made in the same manner as its European forerunner, with yellow slip trailed onto red earthenware or, occasionally, a light background, decorated with a darker design. Pieces marked "Mary's Dish," "Baby's Dish," "Mince Pie," "Shoofly," or merely dates and initials, indicate that much of this slip ware was made for gifts.

THE Revolution started a "Buy American" movement and, for a time, it looked as though the American ceramic industry was to have its chance at last. A pottery established at Bennington, Vermont, in 1793, was one of the most successful. At first, ordinary red earthenware was made, but after the discovery of a kaolin bed at Monkton, Vermont, in 1810, better things were produced, among them, yellowware, made of clay which burned buff color instead of red, Rockingham, which was yellowware with a dark brown mottled glaze, and Parian ware, the product which made the Bennington factory famous. Parian is an unglazed white, soft porcelain or bone china, and had been a popular product of the eighteenth century French factories and, later, the Spode factory of England. Lovely vases, pitchers, and small figures were produced at Bennington, many of them ornately modeled, and sometimes tinted to resemble Wedgwood's jasper ware.

In 1825, the Jersey Porcelain and Earthenware Company began making the first true porcelain to be produced in the United States. Other factories in New Jersey and around Philadelphia had hopeful beginnings, also, only to be spurned by the housewife for the floods of English cream-colored ware shipped over by Wedgwood and his fellow business men. They catered to the patriotism of the new nation with portraits of Revolutionary heroes and battle scenes, even depicting their own generals in humiliated defeat, in their determination to retain the American market.

Then came the spacious days of the clipper ships, when American china cupboards were stocked with oriental porcelains which sea-faring

BENNINGTON VASE
Nineteenth Century American

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH PLATE

husbands brought home from their long voyages. "Buy American" was forgotten, and even the Bennington factory had to turn out its fine products unmarked, for fear that the ladies might turn aside unless they could be led to believe that it was made in England.

White House china purchases reflected the attitude of the times. Martha Washington used gold and white Sevres for best and blue and white Nanking ware for everyday. Dolly Madison also favored French wares. During John Quincy Adam's administration, Congress passed a law requiring that White House furnishings be American-made when possible. In spite of this, no domestic china was considered suitable for formal State dinners throughout many administrations to come. The best that could be done in that regard, from Lincoln's to Garfield's era, was to use the French products of the American Mr. Haviland. At last, when President and Mrs. Wilson needed a new State dinner service, a true American product, Lenox china, was found to equal the finest wares of any nation, and, since that time, the White House has been proud to "Buy American."

DURING the years when the frontier was pushing westward, American ceramic efforts dwindled to the production of kitchen dishes, purchased from the peddler, who became the chief outlet for the potteries of the New Jersey, Ohio, and West Virginia districts. Many of these kilns had been set up by immigrant potters from England, who saw no reason why the good clays of America could not be utilized with as much financial success as those of the Old Country. They soon found that the transfer-printed wares of Staffordshire came first in the hearts of our pioneer grandmothers, even in the backwoods of Ohio and Illinois, so they confined their efforts to providing a serviceable white kitchenware which they variously called white granite, stone china, or ironstone. Some of it was decorated with underglaze printing, but the great mass was of an ugly blue-white, without decoration of any sort. The idea that even common kitchen utensils could be beautiful had not yet taken hold. An ever-increasing population needed dishes, however, so the Ohio-West Virginia potteries prospered.

Today, this area contains around a hundred and twenty-five ceramic plants, turning out many varieties of wares, chiefly of the moderate to inexpensive type. Hotel china, a hard and completely vitrified prod-

uct, is made by many companies. For home use, such firms as Homer Laughlin, Steubenville, Salem China Company, and the American Limoges Company are paying increased attention to beautiful shape and graceful decoration, for even their most inexpensive products.

ANNA MAE BRANCH, PRICE, UTAH, MAKES HER COLLECTION OF RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINES AVAILABLE TO CARBON STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS

Anna Mae Branch has a hobby which is both interesting and useful. She makes her large collection of *Relief Society Magazines* available to anyone requesting references for lesson work, programs, histories, sermons, and addresses. Whenever one of the *Relief Society Magazines* is listed as a reference, Sister Branch has it and is very generous in letting anyone have access to this valuable "*Magazine* library," which includes many bound volumes, and is complete for the past thirty-five years.

Sister Branch, who has been an active Relief Society worker for fifty years, has found the *Magazine* "a treasure house" in her activities. She writes: "The first volume of the Relief Society outlines or lesson work was called *The Relief Society Bulletin* and was published during the year 1914. The following year, 1915, the publication was called *The Relief Society Magazine*, and Susa Young Gates was the editor. In that year President Joseph F. Smith sent the *Magazine* this greeting:

> 'Accept my sincere congratulations and heartiest greetings in honor of the birth of *The Relief Society Magazine*. May it enter upon its noble mission so firmly entrenched about by bulwarks of capable endeavor and enduring truth that its career may be successful and glorious.'"

Dark in the Chrysalis

Alice Morrey Bailey

CHAPTER 8 (CONCLUSION)

EDITH returned to the house alone after the funeral. Cory had stayed at the cemetery to oversee the completion of his mother's burial. Edith had overheard Mrs. Hartley invite him to her home for dinner and thought that would be good for him, rather than to come back to this house, so deadly quiet after the great activities of the past three months.

Amanda came out from the kitchen when she heard Edith come in. "Would you like me to fix you something, Mrs. Ashe?" she asked.

"No, thank you, Amanda," Edith said. She was more than just weary. She was wrung out. She sat at the telephone and called Kit.

"I am ready to come home, Kit," she told him. "Of course you understand it is only until I find some other work."

"Now, Mother," Kit said. "Don't feel that way. You know you are welcome here as long as you live. I don't like to think of you off working."

"We'll talk about it when I get there. How soon can you come?"

"Whenever you say, Mother. Right away if you like."

"I'll be ready in half an hour," Edith told him.

"You're not leaving?" said Amanda when she hung up.

"Yes, right away," Edith replied. "You see my job is finished. With Mrs. Lewis dead and Linnie gone, there is nothing left for me to do."

"Why, that's right," agreed Amanda wonderingly. "Somehow I just never thought of your leaving. You got so close to them it seemed like you was one of the family. It just seemed like Mr. Lewis might—"

"Might what, Amanda?" Edith couldn't resist asking.

"Well, I dunno. Might keep you on, I guess. Laws, it's going to be lonesome and funny with you gone, too."

"Yes, it is, isn't it?" Edith agreed absently. She was thinking of herself and the days ahead.

She was ready when Kit drove up. She had been careful to remember everything, in order not to have to return for anything. In a few days, when Cory had time to think, she would telephone him and find out when he would want her to take her furniture. She looked at it now, as she came around the curve in the stair.

The late afternoon sun drifted through the Venetian blinds, slanted on the carpet, etching the graceful bannister with light and casting the lovely shadows of flowers on the walls. Never before, and never again would she see her beloved furniture in such a setting. Love of this house had grown on her until it was like leaving her own home, but it was more than the furniture that tugged at her now.

These walls were haunted with Linnie's slender grace, her fluted song and the gallantly eager lift of her head. And Grammy! Almost any minute, now, it seemed, Grammy

would come wheeling out of the dining room, her black eyes snapping, her tongue ready with its wit. Such profound things as marriage and death did something to a house.

THEY had no more profound effect, however, than a house could have on its occupants. Austere and chill and unbeautiful, it could stilt and frustrate the spirit. Made into a home it could be a liberating agent, as this one had been iridescent wings for the hidden beauties of the soul.

It was more than a matter of upholstery, fabric, wood, and the money to buy them. It was a matter of love and pride, of self-respect and artisanship, a satisfying of the hungers, human and divine, that were inherent in every person.

It was a stage and a setting for drama. On this stair Cory's hand had touched hers; his voice speaking her name, had poised her here, suddenly still. It was best to go now, quickly, leaving this profound thing, which could not even be called her love for Cory, abortive and unfulfilled within these walls.

Beside them Annette's house was flat and utilitarian, and had less appeal than ever to Edith. Annette hovered over her anxiously at dinner, straining to make her feel at home.

"Why, Mother! How you have changed! I had no idea you were so pretty. I love the way you do your hair, and your new clothes are stunning. I didn't know you had such marvelous taste."

Her words should have touched the joy of victory in Edith's heart, because it was obvious that Annette remembered her own indictment of her mother-in-law only a few months previous. The words that had stung Edith so bitterly then stirred no feeling in her now. She had thought and felt so much since then, had had so much fulfillment that the little scene seemed long ago and far away. It held significance only in the fact that it had catapulted her into one of the richest experiences in her life.

"Eat more of your dinner, Mother," Kit was saying. "Annie's fixed your favorite recipes."

"Thank you, Annette," smiled Edith. "I'm afraid I am more weary than hungry tonight."

"And already talking about another job," Kit exploded. "Well, you can just forget that idea."

"No, I think not, Kit. I found it quite exciting to earn my own money, to be an individual rather than a parasite. There are some things I must see to—get my furniture back home—"

Annette looked stricken. "That room—" she said. "I've fixed it up for—"

"No matter," said Edith. "I can store the furniture down town until I find something to do with it—take an unfurnished apartment, maybe. It all depends upon what I find to do."

"Mother," Kit said, "Annette's fixed the room for a nursery."

"Kit! Annette!" said Edith, stirred from her lethargy of mind to real elation. "That's wonderful!"

"I—we hoped that you would be here, well to see Annette through—"

"Why, of course I will," said Edith. "That's what mothers are for."

"Then you can forget about going to work again. This once was all right—a lark, but no more of it."

"Nonsense," said Edith. "I have

no intention of sitting down here with you young folks any more. It will be months before Annette needs me, and then only for a few weeks of time."

SHE excused herself as soon as possible and went upstairs. A warm bath and to bed, she thought. Sleep would relieve her mind from the terrible apathy that had descended upon it again after the excitement of hearing about Kit's baby. In spite of her brave words and her resolutions, life stretched bleakly into an uninteresting future, without beauty, without richness, with nothing real ahead, except old age.

The bath did not bring sleep, and Edith lay, refusing to think, wanting not to feel, for either would bring the two things that she just now could not bear—homesickness for Cory's house, loneliness for Cory.

"Mother," said Annette, knocking softly.

"Yes?" said Edith.

"Mr. Lewis is on the telephone."

"Mr. Lewis?" asked Edith, leaping up, excitement exploding within her. Whatever this thing was in her veins it had to be stopped, wiped out, killed. "Probably calling about the furniture, or my last check," she said. "Tell him I've gone to bed—that I'll call him tomorrow."

"I did, but he said it was urgent."

"Oh, all right," said Edith, getting into robe and slippers. After all it was only nine o'clock.

"I have to see you. Tonight," Cory said when she answered the telephone.

"If it's the furniture—" began Edith.

"It isn't the furniture," said Cory. "Or your check. How long will it take you to dress?"

"Not long. Fifteen minutes," said Edith wonderingly.

"I'll call for you," said Cory and hung up.

Edith's fingers shook while she dressed and she was unable to control the slow pounding that began in her heart. Cory was there in ten minutes, conversing with Kit and Annette, his hat in his hand, when she came down.

He looked perfectly normal with the exception of his weariness. He barely glanced at Edith, but got up, opened the door for her as he finished his conversation with Kit, and bade them good night, and followed her out. He put her in the car without a word and went around to the driver's side.

"Lean back. Relax," he commanded her, starting the car.

It was good to do just that while Cory drove, letting the little fire of curiosity die down. The breeze that lifted her hair was pleasant.

Cory nosed the car to higher ground above the city until it lay below them like a lap of jewels. Still he drove, entering a nearby canyon, turning and twisting on the road, silhouettes of pines and the steep sides of hills racing past them. Finally he achieved a small plateau, turned off the road, and stopped.

"This is a favorite place of mine," he said then, and went on talking dispassionately, tracing the canyons and watercourses from their point of vantage.

HE just couldn't bear staying in the house, Edith decided. In all that emptiness. This ride had no significance; no better reason. Of course it was urgent. Losing his

mother, much as it might have been expected, by her age, was a cataclysm, one she well knew, but she had thought him adequately taken care of for the evening. What had happened to dinner, and to Mrs. Hartley?

"Look at the moon," she said, wondering how many millions of people had made that same observation. "In town the lights outdo it, make it look like a cheap prop, but out here it comes into its own." It looked close enough to touch and its white light bathed the world. "I hope it shines like that on Linnie and Paul, wherever they are. It's a real honeymoon."

"My guess is the Canadian woods. Otherwise, some of my telegrams would have reached them. In a way, I'm glad they didn't. It will hurt Linnie not to have been here, but on the other hand, she will remember mother like she saw her last—happy and excited, and peppery as they come. Then, too, their honeymoon should not be marred."

Then that wasn't what was on Cory's mind, thought Edith, still casting frantically for clues to tonight's meeting. If it was that he just wanted to ease his mind and talk of June and the moon and nature, then she would humor him, she decided, but her next words betrayed her, as usual.

"Cory, I know it's your mother. I am so sorry. I feel that I neglected her to help Linnie. She might still be with you if I hadn't."

"Don't say such a thing! Don't even think it," said Cory vehemently. "It was her time to go. Mother was eighty-five, you know."

"But if only she could have stayed a month more, until Linnie and Paul were back to bear it with you. Having them both leave the same day was too hard for you."

"No one consults us about those things," Cory said. "My mother died happy, and she did so because of you. You know yourself that she was bitter, confined to the loneliness of her room, longing for death when you came.

"Look what you did! Gave her an interest in life—got her out of that dark room, let her participate in the preparations for Linnie's wedding. She loved it, I tell you. She was happy right up to the last minute. She went to sleep happy, and she didn't wake up. I wouldn't have it different."

"Then— what is it—troubling you?" Edith asked, a horrible thought overcoming her. If he asks me to help with his wedding I just—

"It's you, Edith."

"Me?" asked Edith ungrammatically, her heart stopping dead still.

"I've looked at this thing from every angle, argued myself black in the face, tried to put myself in Linnie's place. It isn't that I didn't love her mother. It all comes out to the same thing. It's as real as the back of my hand," Cory said, holding up his hand to look at it in the moonlight. "I love you, Edith. I want to marry you and live with you the rest of my life."

EDITH looked at him and could not speak for the waves of joy that shook her from head to foot.

"Does that surprise you so much, Edith? I told Linnie right in front

(Continued on page 574)

"Just a Housewife!"

Winifred N. Jones

I FELT I would explode if I heard just one more woman on just one more radio program say just one more time, "I'm just a housewife!" She did!

Why must women insist on being apologetic about being a housewife—or, if you prefer, homemaker? Practically every woman spends most of her first twenty-five years trying to become a wife and housekeeper and then immediately starts feeling sorry for herself because she has what she wanted!

Any woman who is a good homemaker has nothing on earth for which to apologize. She must furnish hard work, intelligence, ingenuity, and an unlimited amount of patience for the job. Successful homemaking can and will give a woman enormous satisfaction if she will bring to it the same time, attention, and interest a job outside of her home would demand of her.

This belittling attitude so many women adopt toward homemaking breeds the very things that make it unattractive for them, carelessness and inefficiency and monotony and drudgery to household tasks. In contrast, the woman who keeps her home in shipshape order has time for activities that will keep her mentally alert and stimulated. She doesn't always have left-over jobs to do!

The woman who opens a can of soup or puts together a tasteless sandwich at lunchtime for herself and children can't help feeling that cooking is a bore. But the lady of the house who prides herself on always setting an attractive and appetizing meal on the table enjoys doing it.

Women are not honest with themselves about this thing. They spend time daydreaming about being a big cog in an exciting office, when, in truth, they would probably be very small wheels in very monotonous jobs. A woman who wears houseslippers most of the day in her home frets about how tiring her housework is. How long does she think those tenderized feet would last holding her up behind a counter all day! Has the woman who moans about the trial of having to wash dishes three times a day ever worked in a bindery where they handle thousands of identical sheets of paper over and over and over?

Doesn't the woman who complains about her husband's desire to stay home evening after evening ever recall that the reason she married him was "so we can be alone together"? It's up to her to make that time together as interesting now as it was then! She can—if she will insist on bringing attractiveness into her home.

I HEAR women saying it can't be done on limited budgets. Nonsense. Of course, having plenty to do with helps, but a little imagination and hard work pay higher home dividends. Let her forget what her neighbor has or has not in her house. After all, she and her family must live in theirs! Adjust

the home necessities to the desires of the family. That's the strongest long-range standard.

It is usually the woman who complains about a lack of clothes who remarks in the next breath, "I never sew. It bores me." She is also the woman who doesn't realize that the most expensive clothes and those selected by "best-dressed" women are those that are individually tailored, not those turned out by the hundreds in factories.

This same attitude is reflected in her relationship with her children. Picnics, parties, family reading hours, and established Christmas traditions are absent from the home of the woman who whines, "The children nearly wear me out!"

Women will argue that society doesn't expect every man to be a doctor, lawyer, or ditch-digger, but expects every woman to be a good homemaker. Very well, but society also expects every man to give his time, energy, and devotion to his job. Should less be expected of a woman? She chose to be a housewife!

The woman who fails at being a homemaker and dreams of an exciting and successful career as a business woman fails to recognize that routine, application to detail, and performing an unpleasant job are also essential to a business career. She also forgets that she is working for, and with the man whom she selected to be her companion in the building of an eternal home.

To Carol

On the Death of Her Mother

Margaret B. Shomaker

If words could pierce sorrow's brittle pain
And touch the weeping heart, to ease its grief,
My trembling lips would sing a sweet refrain
In hope the tone would bring you sure relief.

Then I would take a splinter from the moon
And lead you from this sorrow, dark as night,
To where the lips and heart caress a tune
And tired eyes turn with courage to the light.

But from my lips only a muted cry;
Held in my heart the tone of silent song,
Caught like a bird in prison from the sky.
Please let me hold your hand in silence strong,
For unsaid words will vibrate sorrow's air
And you will understand my wordless prayer.

The Washstand—1950 Version

Kathryn Jane Collins

SIXTY years or so ago, when there was no hot water rushing from the tap at the turn of a handle, a small washstand with a pitcher and bowl standing on top was a prominent feature of almost every bedroom. At the washstand you scrubbed and polished yourself!

Today, these very same washstands, when refinished in a simple and inexpensive way, add charm and beauty to our homes. These small, low chests of drawers are very versatile and can be used in many ways. Usually, they have one long drawer across the top and the lower part of the washstand is divided into two sections, one side with a door and the other side with two smaller drawers. The wood is usually solid. The ones I have seen have been made of walnut, oak, maple, or cherry.

Since these washstands were so common, probably you have one way back in your basement or hidden in your attic under all those things that such places usually collect. Maybe you have an aunt or a cousin who has one. If these sources fail, perhaps the second-hand store might have one.

With a mirror hung above the washstand to give you a glimpse of yourself or to give your guests a chance to straighten their ties and fix that wayward lock, the washstand makes a hall inviting.

You can use one in the dining room as a useful server and store silver in the drawers and tall vases in the cabinet section. An excellent bedside table can be made from one, or an extra chest of drawers for all those things that seem to collect. For the lady who sews, it is just the place for all her sewing supplies.

We use ours for a radio cabinet. After removing the old varnish, I found the top to be a lovely piece of burl-grained maple. I removed the door panel and replaced it with a piece of ordinary wire lathe, the kind used in plastering. First, I gilded it, and the result is an attractive grilled door. The radio speaker will be hidden behind this grill, which will have a piece of tapestry tacked to the back. We plan to cut off the front panel from the upper small drawer and hinge it to pull down and expose the dials. The bottom drawer will hold the radio chassis and tubes.

To refinish one of these pieces is very simple. First remove any hardware and examine it carefully before discarding it. A little paint remover used on the hardware may reveal beautiful old brass handles and knobs. If not, you can purchase very nice copies of antique hardware at the store.

Before beginning the refinishing, protect your hands with gloves and protect the floor with newspapers. You will need rags and an old paint brush, which can be thrown away after the work is completed.

Begin by removing the drawers and placing the washstand on its

back so that the front is horizontal with the floor. Spread paint remover on generously with the brush and let it stand until the surface begins to crack. Then, working with the grain, use a putty knife or some similar object to remove the old paint or varnish. Get into the corners and flutings. Then do the top, and the sides. Try to have each section in a horizontal position when applying the paint remover so that it will not run off. After all the old finish is off, apply another coat and wipe off thoroughly with rags. Then wipe all the surfaces with alcohol to remove any wax left by the paint remover. Sand any rough surfaces with the grain of the wood.

YOU may find that the whole piece needs staining. If you wish to stain it be sure to try samples of your stain in an inconspicuous corner before applying it all over. After some searching, I found a mahogany stain in the lovely dark purple tones one finds in good furniture. Stain the piece and let it dry thoroughly.

Now you are ready for the final step. There are several ways to finish off the washstand. You can varnish the surface, then rub down with pumice and oil. To remove excess pumice, wipe with a cloth dipped in benzine. Then polish with a chamois.

Or the waxed finish may appeal to you. Wax thoroughly; rub with steel wool and then with a chamois. Let this stand for a week; then wax and rub down again. Continue until the piece has a lovely patina.

I myself prefer the oil finish. This finish takes much wear, will not scratch as varnish does, and brings out the grain of the wood. For it I mix two parts of linseed oil with one part of turpentine and bring to a boil. Then cool and, with a soft cloth, apply to a small section, rubbing it in well for five to twenty minutes on each section. When you finish, the wood should be dry and unable to absorb more. Do not let the oil remain on top in a sticky film. Rub always with the grain of the wood.

Then wait a week and apply more. In another week, apply still more. Four or five applications should give the finish you want.

By now, the washstand, with glowing handles and a beautiful, mellow patina, is ready for a new and useful life. You will be greatly repaid for the small amount of time you have spent.

The Best Time of Your Life

Ezra J. Poulsen

IF you were asked the question, "What was the best time of your life?" you should be able to answer, especially if you are past fifty, "Right now." Your accumulation of experience, with its attendant wit and wisdom, gives you every advantage over those of less mature years.

The old philosophy that life follows the ascending scale up to forty, then slowly declines to the end, is about as useful as ox-team transportation, typhoid fever, and superstition. Today, we are capable of seeing brighter vistas. We might think of ourselves as travelers in a country of endless beauty and challenge, with the brightest prospects and most intriguing situations just ahead. To do this is to keep young and eager in spirit.

Wouldn't it have been a tragic joke on the children of Israel if Moses, at the age of sixty or seventy, had folded up his tent and decided it was too late to engage in any important undertakings? Of course, we would never have heard of him; his real life's work hadn't begun at that age. Like the palm tree, which produces its finest dates after it reaches the first hundred years, we should grow richer in production and maturity with the passing of time.

The roster of fame is filled with the deeds of those in the upper barckets of years, who have gone jauntily on with their work and their dreams, too busy to stop and think of their infirmities.

Benjamin West (1738-1820), the great painter, completed two of his most important productions, "Death on the Pale Horse," and "Christ Healing the Sick," when he might be considered to have been an old man. At the age of eighty, he was still president of the Royal Academy.

William Wordsworth did not attain the office of poet laureate of England until 1843, when he was seventy-three. And Edmund Burke, the great English statesman, born in 1729, was nearly sixty when he delivered his masterful speech against Warren Hastings. Perhaps, we would not be very well acquainted with the name of Alfred Tennyson today if he had belonged to the "cult of youth," for he accomplished his greatest works, such as "Enoch Arden" (1864) and "The Holy Grail" (1869) when he was past fifty and in his sixties. "Crossing the Bar" did not see the light of day until 1889, when the poet was beyond eighty.

Though the years may require a reasonable slowing down of one's physical activity, they impair but little, if any, the mental and spiritual robustness of those who enjoy growth and service. Even on the physical side, we are inclined to coddle ourselves too much. We do too much tapering off, and pinching out.

General Winfield Scott was past sixty at the time he won his great victories in the Mexican war, and, in 1852 at sixty-six, he became a candidate for the presidency of the United States. Likewise, Zachary Taylor, the hero of Monterey, became President in 1849, at the age of sixty-four.

Many great mental achievements have flowered in ripened minds. Maria Edgeworth's novel *Helen*, comprising three volumes, was published (1834) when she was sixty-eight years old, and it is considered one of her best works.

The time to be of good cheer, to enjoy one's friends, and to accomplish interesting and worthy achievements is always now, even if you are ninety years young.

Willowware Plate

Irene Storey

My eyes wander over
A willowware plate
And rest on Koong Shee,
Who, the legends relate,
Parted with Chang
In the dim long ago,
Still waiting the summons,
For all that I know.
Still stands the blue tower
Beside the blue gate,
At which Koong Shee
Seems forever to wait.
Undimmed and unchanged,
Nor days seem to matter,
As they drift into years
On my blue willow platter.

"LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT"

Caroline Eyring Miner

OVER and over goes the little tune (and the name *tune* is questionable). Helen, our eight-year-old, is practicing her piano lesson. She stretches her fingers and she halts in her tempo and withal she labors most diligently. The rest of the family? We grit our teeth and we wait—wait for the time when she will either give up or will be able to play at least two tunes in a fairly facile manner, but wait we must.

But we are all learning an important lesson. If one is eventually to reap, one must sow, and that well in advance of the harvest. Success does not come easily. We have to labor, and with it we have to be patient until the harvest comes.

The Curies in their search for radium worked and waited during the long years for their labors to bear fruit. They had sufficient vision and belief in what they were doing to keep them laboring and waiting. And such is the story of every great scientist, inventor, and artist.

A little foresight and thought and ambition and desire, and we may launch upon a project of large or small dimensions. We may keep working and waiting until the projected dream becomes a reality. The Helens will continue to practice their scales upon the piano, the Jimmies will puff their cheeks until they fairly burst, learning to play the trombone, and we shall all await the day of the fulfillment of their dreams, and labor and wait also for the fruition of our own.

Notes From The Field

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY SOCIALS, BAZAARS, AND OTHER ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Jessie Reese

SMITHFIELD STAKE (UTAH), SMITHFIELD FOURTH WARD BAZAAR
November 1949

Standing, left to right: First Counselor Rachel Hillyard; President Vera Roskelly; Second Counselor Fern Heaps; Secretary-Treasurer Vera Noble; work meeting leader Afton G. Smith.

Describing the activities which preceded the bazaar, this enthusiastic society reports: "Last fall we had one of the most successful bazaars ever held in our ward. We commenced in February 1949 by calling for all available used and unused materials which could be made into rugs or whatever else the materials might be suited for. The response was overwhelming and enough material was brought or sent in to keep the members very busy until the bazaar in November. The average summer attendance was between forty and fifty women and the increased activity brought the members closer together and the entire project resulted in a great deal of good accomplishment, both spiritually and financially."

Alta C. Allen is president of Smithfield Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Lucille H. Spencer

NEBO STAKE (UTAH), SPRING LAKE WARD, FORMER RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS HONORED AT A VALENTINE'S PARTY, February 14, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: La Vona Thomas; Annie Menlove; Hortense Butler.

Back row, standing, left to right: Rhea Menlove, present president; Cecil Peery; Lucille Spencer.

All Relief Society members over sixty-five years of age were especially honored at this social.

Lucille H. Spencer is president of Nebo Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Mima Hainsworth

PORTLAND STAKE (OREGON), COLONIAL HEIGHTS WARD RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAYS BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED QUILTS AT THE BAZAAR, November 4, 1949

Laura Ross, assistant work meeting leader and Josephine N. Olsen, work meeting leader, are shown in front of the quilts.

Also displayed were fifty aprons, a large number of towels, luncheon cloths, embroidered pillow cases, and a beautiful assortment of baby jackets, dresses, layettes, dolls, and dozens of other articles. Officers of the Colonial Heights Ward Relief Society are: President Alice B. Kraft; First Counselor Vera Remington; Second Counselor Nell B. Smart; Secretary-Treasurer Ethel Hurlburt.

Mima Hainsworth is president of Portland Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by LaVon Jacobson

LOS ANGELES STAKE (CALIFORNIA), HOLLYWOOD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS ASSEMBLED AT ANNIVERSARY DAY LUNCHEON, March 14, 1950

Left to right: President LaVon Jacobson; former presidents: Agnes Sloanie Nibley; Ella Perkins; Geneva Cooper; Isabelle Smith; Elizabeth Denhalter; Mary Watkins.

Inset: Velma Richardson.

Former presidents not in the photograph are: Kate Nielson; Irene McCullough; Frances Conover; Ida E. Nelson; Ethel Peterson (deceased).

Dorothy Koer is president of Los Angeles Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Edna J. Kindred

SOUTH IDAHO FALLS STAKE (IDAHO), SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE CONFERENCE, May 14, 1950

Eileen Weaver, the accompanist, is seated at the left on the first row; Edna Kindred, Stake Relief Society President, is standing second from the left in the front row; Uarda Whiting, Second Counselor, is tenth from the left, first row.

Blonda Knight, the chorister, stands at the right on the second row.

Vera Hart, First Counselor, stands fourth from the left in the third row.

Edna J. Kindred, President, South Idaho Falls Stake Relief Society, reports the closing of a season of successful activities: "Tuesday, May 23rd, we held our stake Relief Society closing social, with about 200 women in attendance. We had a lovely program, followed by a display of handwork which included most of our 1950 Welfare sewing assignment, along with many other lovely things. We made a little souvenir booklet which we presented to each sister as she came in. We also have a stake Singing Mothers group, consisting of sixty-one members, who sang at stake conference (May 14th) and at our closing social."

Photograph by Keith Studio, Bellingham, Washington
Submitted by Birdie S. Bean

SEATTLE STAKE (WASHINGTON), BELLINGHAM WARD PAGEANT
"MOTHERS OF MEN," March 17, 1950

Front row, seated, left to right: Ruth Bradbury as Rebekah; Ruby Smith as a pioneer mother.

Second row, seated, left to right: Emily Newberry as Eve; Etta Pratt as Sariah; Elma Hansen as a Pilgrim mother; Jule McEntire as a mother of today; First Counselor Ranghild Safsten as Lucy Mack Smith; Iola Kent as Nancy Hanks.

Seated, center, rear: Mary Rowe, as Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Back row, standing, left to right: Thelma Umphenour, accompanist; Elizabeth Salmon, director; President Rae Linde; Second Counselor Ella M. Petrie.

Birdie S. Bean is president of Seattle Stake Relief Society.

Photographs submitted by Amelia H. Robertson

BIG HORN STAKE (WYOMING), VISITING TEACHERS OF LOVELL WARD, LOVELL WEST WARD, AND COWLEY WARD ACHIEVE A RECORD OF 100 PER CENT

Top photograph—Lovell Ward Visiting Teachers. Officers of the Ward Relief Society are seated in the front row, beginning with the second from the left, left to right: visiting teacher supervisor Aurelia Beddes; Counselor Thelma Corbridge; President Ida Shumway; Counselor Martha Gorbutt; Secretary Lorainne Fillerup.

Middle photograph—Lovell West Ward Visiting Teachers. Officers of the Ward Relief Society, seated in the first row, beginning with the second from the left: Secretary Marcella Allred; Counselor Lulu Dillon; President Verda Asay. Seated in the second row, beginning with the second from the left: visiting teacher supervisors Edith Marshall and Kate Moncur.

Bottom photograph—Cowley Ward Visiting Teachers. Ward Relief Society officers, seated in the second row, beginning with the second from the left: Counselor Iva Lewis; Counselor Pauline Stevens; President Geneva Stevens; visiting teacher supervisor Charlotte Mayer; Secretary Lamar Jensen.

Amelia H. Robertson is president of Big Horn Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Vivian R. McConkie

CALIFORNIA MISSION, WASCO BRANCH DISPLAYS FURNISHINGS FOR RELIEF SOCIETY ROOM

Front row, seated, left to right: Secretary-Treasurer Rae Hager; Second Counselor Rilla Honor; President Belva Edwards; First Counselor Flossie Hallmark; Louise Whedon.

Second row, standing, left to right: Chorister Barbara Baker; Zella MacDonald; Iris Dverksen; June Hawkins; Ruth Eaton.

Third row, left to right: Ora Eta Gubler; Josephine Spilsbury; Florence Hallmark; Thora Landrum; Loretta Rose Stuart; Gertrude MacArthur.

The photograph shows the Relief Society members and some of the furnishings of their Relief Society room. The lamps and rugs displayed in the picture were made by the women, and numerous other articles were made for bazaars and welfare work.

Vivian R. McConkie is president of the California Mission Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Erma Croxall

POCATELLO STAKE (IDAHO), POCATELLO FOURTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Left to right: President Isabell L. Curl; First Counselor Verla A. Marley; Second Counselor Ethel Aldous; Secretary Emma Puckett, who has been a member of the Ward Relief Society presidency for twelve consecutive years and in that time has missed only one meeting, this occasion being at the time of the death of her sister.

Helen Pugmire is president of Pocatello Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Pearl Halverson

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), WEST GLENDALE WARD RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS ASSEMBLED AT THE NEW GLENDALE WEST WARD CHAPEL AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON'S WORK
May 1950

Officers of the society are seated in the front row, left to right: President Pearl Halverson; Second Counselor Blanche Alvard; First Counselor Barbara James; Secretary-Treasurer Edith Cooper.

Mary E. Cutler is president of Glendale Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), HONORS ELDERLY RELIEF SOCIETY WOMEN AT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, April 28, 1950

Front row, left to right: Cora S. Hagan; Jane Moss; Emma Riddle; Effie Dunham; Avery Jones; Julia Andrus.

Back row, left to right: Mary Woodbury; Mary Reber; Ella Seegmiller; Emma S. Little; Anna M. Cox; Julia Graff; Ann Rinslasbaugher.

The combined ages of these women, most of whom are still active visiting teachers, is 933 years, and the combined period of time spent as visiting teachers is 572 years.

Verna L. Dewsnup is president of St. George Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Faymetta S. Prows

MILLARD STAKE (UTAH), FLOWELL WARD
RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENTS

Front row, left to right, former Relief Society presidents: Martha F. Bushnell; Rozilpha C. Allen; Adeline A. Brinkerhoof.

Inserts: (left) Rosanna Tucker; (right) Ethel B. Johnson (deceased).

Back row, left to right, former Relief Society presidents: Nona C. Tomkinson; Faun W. Utley; Virgie W. Ivy; Fauntella D. Robison, present president.

Faymetta S. Prows is president of Millard Stake Relief Society.

Parting

Christie Lund Coles

Say it was something born of the night,
Fragile as the shadow-lace of trees
Lying on water, shimmering and bright,
Say it was stars—Venus, the Pleiades,
Say it was only, only these.

Say it was night sounds, delicate,
Whispered in the tall, dew-speckled grass;
Say it was wind, sudden and intimate,
Say it was skies, luminous as glass.
Say it was these and let it pass.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Life and Ministry of the Savior

Lesson 26—"The Trial and Condemnation"

Elder Don B. Colton

(Reference: *Jesus the Christ*, by Elder James E. Talmage, chapter 34.)

For Tuesday, November 7, 1950

Objective: To demonstrate the matchless love of Christ by recounting what he suffered to save mankind.

The Jewish Trial

After his betrayal Jesus was taken first to the Jewish rulers. Early in the night he was taken to the high priest, Caiaphas. The latter was little more than a tool to do the bidding of Annas, a deposed high priest to whom Jesus was first taken. Evidently a meeting of the Sanhedrin had been called at the palace of Caiaphas. The chief priests and scribes awaited eagerly the coming of Jesus at that place.

No serious student of Jewish or other law has ever attempted to justify the mockery of the proceedings that fatal night. No hearing or judicial trial involving capital punishment could be conducted except in the regular official courtroom of the Sanhedrin. The accused had a right to be confronted by the accusing witnesses and hear their testimony before a court could define the charges. Instead, the high priest began immediately to question Jesus concerning his doctrines in an effort to make him testify against himself. The Lord made a perfectly good objection to the procedure when he replied:

> I spake openly to the world; I ever taught in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which hear me, what I have said unto them: behold, they know what I said (John 18:20-21).

Instead of receiving the reply, as would have been the case in any fair court, one of the officers struck Jesus a blow with the palm of his hand, saying: "Answerest thou the high priest so?" Again Jesus made an appeal for justice: "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil: but if well, why smitest thou me?" Though he spoke in gentleness, yet he leveled against them a keen legal weapon. If he had done wrong, where were his accusers which the law required? If he had spoken well, why was he treated thus by the officers whose sworn duty was to protect a prisoner? No, it was not to be so. "Now the chief priests, and elders, and all the

council, sought false witness against Jesus, to put him to death."

The time, the place and, in fact, the entire procedure was in direct violation of Jewish law. The Sanhedrin was a judicial body to hear only testimony. As in our own law, every accused person was presumed innocent until proved guilty. In this so-called trial, the judges even sought false witness. These disagreed among themselves until even the judge hesitated to condemn. There was no coherent story, much less corroboration of a witness. The law required that two witnesses must testify against the accused or the case must be dismissed.

The judges, however, had already decided that Jesus must be convicted and put to death. Something must be done quickly as they wanted to take the prisoner before the Roman officials early on the morrow. "At the last came two false witnesses, And said, This fellow said, I am able to destroy the temple of God, and to build it in three days." Other witnesses told a different story: "We heard him say, I will destroy this temple that is made with hands, and within three days I will build another made without hands." There was a vast difference between saying, "I am able to" and "I will." In fact, a study of the text shows that Jesus was speaking of the "temple of his body." They were seeking evidence against him and if he had threatened to do violence to their sacred temple, that was a serious thing. Until that moment there was nothing for Jesus to answer and he kept still. This angered Caiaphas and, against all required procedure, he angrily demanded: "I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God." There had been no foundation laid for this question. It is plain that the high priest was going to abandon the sedition charge and change to the charge of blasphemy. Jesus could have consistently disregarded the question as he had been brought before the court on an entirely different charge. However, he made an avowal that, in effect said: "I am what thou hast said." This was enough. "Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, He hath spoken blasphemy; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death." (Read Matt. 26:60-66.)

This judgment was rendered by an unlawfully convened court on evidence consisting of a voluntary statement made by Jesus. The Jewish law provided expressly that one accused of a capital offense could not be convicted on his own testimony unless it was amply supported by two competent witnesses. The decision of the high priest was rendered orally and no record is given of how the others voted, except by saying he was deserving of death. Even the unanimous verdict in such cases was unlawful, because that indicated that the accused had no friend at the bar of justice. In this case, ". . . they all condemned him to be guilty of death" (Mark 14: 64).

Luke tells us that early the next morning the chief priests and scribes came together and led Jesus "into their council." This may

have been an attempt to correct the grievous errors of the night before. No student of jurisprudence will say that it did correct the mistakes of the night trial, even though they went through the form of a second trial—here again the only statements made were affirmations by the prisoner, given voluntarily, with no witnesses to corroborate. Their first question, "Art thou the Christ? tell us," was illegal. The Lord, however, made dignified reply: "If I tell you, ye will not believe: And if I also ask you, ye will not answer me, nor let me go. Hereafter shall the Son of man sit on the right hand of the power of God." Then followed the vital question: "Art thou then the Son of God? And he said unto them, Ye say that I am. And they said, What need we any further witness? for we ourselves have heard of his own mouth" (Luke 22:66-71). They put an entirely different meaning to his words because it suited their purpose. Perhaps nothing further need be said against the trial which was but solemn mockery. The arrest of Jesus was illegal; his preliminary examination was illegal; his indictment was illegal; his trial and conviction were illegal. Jehovah has been vindicated by every unbiased mind who has studied the case.

Once rejected by his own,
Now their king he shall be known.

Peter's Denial of His Lord

It willl be recalled that at the time of his arrest, Jesus had indicated to the eleven apostles that they should go and not follow him farther that night. However, Peter and "at least one other disciple" followed the Master. They persuaded the armed guard to let them enter the palace of the high priest and Peter "went in and sat with the servants to see the end." He was recognized by the attendant at the door, who was a young woman. As he sat among the servants, she said unto him: "Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee." This Peter denied and said he did not know Jesus. No doubt, Peter's conscience began to trouble him and he went out on the porch to get away from further detection; but another maid, as soon as she saw him, cried out: "This fellow was also with Jesus of Nazareth." Again Peter denied knowing the Lord. The third denial came after Peter had left the palace and gone out to sit with others around a fire which had been built in the court. There some of the men sitting with him accused him of being a disciple of Jesus. Indeed, a kinsman of the man whose ear had been cut with the sword asked him point blank: "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?" Peter seems to have completely lost his temper and declared: "I know not this man of whom ye speak." "And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord. . ." Immediately thereafter, a cock crowed. "And Peter went out, and wept bitterly" (Matt. 26:69-72 and Luke 22:55-62). Whatever may have caused the denial by Peter, we know that he soon truly repented. His life of devotion and service amply prove that his repentance was sincere and genuine.

Christ's First Appearance Before Pilate

It has already been stated that no Jewish court had the right to inflict the death penalty. Pontius Pilate was at the time of Christ's crucifixion the Roman emperor's deputy over Judea. He had come from his official residence on the shores of the Mediterranean to attend the great Jewish festival in Jerusalem. As soon as their own mock trial was finished, the members of the Sanhedrin led Jesus to the judgment hall of Pilate. Note their inconsistency. They would not enter the Roman's palace for fear they might be near leavened bread which, during the feast, would make them "ceremonially unclean." They were at the same time eager to shed the blood of their Creator and lawful King. Pilate came out of the palace and inquired as to the accusations against Jesus. Even that must have surprised the Jewish rulers as they expected a confirmation of their verdict. Noting their hesitancy, he was about to turn the Savior back for them to try him according to the Jewish code. They reminded Pilate that it was not "lawful" for them to put any man to death. John implies that these rulers not only wanted Roman sanction but also wanted the Romans to do the executing. Jesus had foretold that he would be crucified (John 18:28-32; 12:32). That was the Roman method, while the Jews stoned to death prisoners who were guilty of blasphemy.

It will be noted that the Jewish rulers did not accuse Jesus of blasphemy before Pilate. That would have been useless to their purpose. There was no such crime in the

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CHRIST BEFORE PILATE

Roman code. They changed again and accused him of high treason which was a capital offense under the Roman law. They told Pilate that Jesus claimed to be a king and that would be dangerous to Rome. Of course, he had not been tried for treason before the Sanhedrin. The Lord had spoken no word to Pilate and did not do so until they entered the judgment hall.

Once within the hall, Pilate, without prejudice, asked: "Art thou the King of the Jews? Jesus answered him, Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did others tell it thee of me? Pilate answered, Am I a Jew? Thine own nation and the chief priests have delivered thee unto me: what hast thou done?" The answer was so eloquent and beautiful that we suggest that John 18:36-37 be read from the Bible in the class. Pilate was so impressed with the Lord that he announced a verdict of acquittal: "I find in him no fault at all."

The chief priests and others in authority would not accept the verdict. They fiercely cried: ". . . He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place" (Luke 23:5).

Christ Before Herod

The word "Galilee" suggested to Pilate a plan of escape from a decision he did not want to make. Herod, the vassal ruler of that province, was in Jerusalem and Pilate sent the Lord to him. But the Christ would not even speak to the vile creature who had caused the death of John the Baptist. Herod could find nothing to condemn in the Lord and only as a further insult had him arrayed in gorgeous apparel and sent him back to Pilate.

Christ Again Before Pilate

When Pilate found that Jesus was before him again, he called together the chief priests and rulers and the people and told them that he had already examined the prisoner and the charges of sedition and treason were without foundation. The Roman governor wanted to be fair and just. He knew that the hatred of the Jewish rulers was because of envy and malice. There was in prison at that time a notorious man by the name of Barabbas. He had been tried regularly and found guilty of sedition and murder. Pilate knew that it was the custom among the Jews to release at the passover celebration one prisoner whom the people might name. He, therefore, suggested that inasmuch as he had found Jesus innocent that he be released and that Barabbas be put to death. But when the plan was put before the Jewish rulers it was rejected and they urged that the multitude cry out against Pilate's decision. In answer to the question, "What shall I do then with Jesus? They cried, crucify him."

Seeing that they were determined, Pilate washed his hands before the multitude, "saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it." But he did release Barabbas and turned Jesus over to the soldiers. "Then rose the awful self-condemnatory cry of the covenant people. His blood be on

us, and on our children." How terrible has been the fulfillment of their request!

Judas Iscariot

When Judas Iscariot saw how terribly effective had been the outcome of his treachery, he became wildly remorseful. Rushing into the presence of the high priests and elders, he implored them to take back the thirty pieces of silver, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? . . . And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. Discuss the trial of Jesus. Tell why it was so flagrantly illegal.
2. Relate the incident of Peter's denial of the Lord.
3. What was Pilate's first verdict concerning Jesus?
4. What induced him to reverse his decision?

References in the Gospels

Matt. 14:1; 26:57-75; 27:1, 2, 8, 11, 15-31; 37:3-10.

Mark 6:14; 14:30, 53-72; 15:1, 2, 6-20.

Luke 9:7, 9; 13:31, 32; 18:32; 22:54-71; 23:2, 3, 4, 5-25.

John 1:35, 40; 2:18-22; 11:49-50; 13:23; 18:8, 9, 13, 14, 15-24, 28-32, 39, 40; 19:1-16, 26; 20:2; 21:7, 20, 24.

Visiting Teacher Messages—Our Savior Speaks

Lesson 10—"Take Ye Heed, Watch and Pray" (Mark 13:33).

Mary Grant Judd

For Tuesday, November 7, 1950

Objective: To bring out the vital power of prayer, and the need for habitual prayer.

IN these few simple words, "Take ye heed, watch and pray," (Mark 13:33) the Savior admonished four of his chosen apostles. As in those days, so today, we must watch and pray. A consideration of the subject of prayer is appropriate to the Thanksgiving season.

Believing in Christ, we must believe in prayer, for (in his miracles especially) he demonstrated over and over the efficacy of this form of spiritual activity.

The Master did not tell us to pray occasionally, but enjoined us to "pray always" (Luke 21:36). He set the example in so doing. If our Redeemer, in his perfection, needed the help of constant prayer, how much more do we in our imperfection need it!

Before taking the important step of choosing his twelve apostles, "He went out into a mountain to pray and continued all night in prayer to God" (Luke 6:12). When im-

portant decisions face us, we might well say with his disciples, "Lord, teach us to pray" (Luke 11:1).

After feeding the five thousand, the Savior sent his disciples before him in a ship. "And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone" (Matt. 14:23). In times of weariness or discouragement, prayer can give us increased physical buoyancy, as we withdraw, for a time, from the pressure of the everyday affairs of life and regain our spiritual balance. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly" (Matt. 6:6).

Dr. Alexis Carrel, famed the world over for thirty-three years of scientific research in the famous Rockefeller Institute, understood fully the power of prayer. He declared:

> Prayer is not only worship, but it is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of secreting glands . . . . Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity. As a physician, I have seen men, after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer.

Many individuals, more to be pitied than censured, have no conception of the power of prayer. They have not experienced the uplift, the solace, and the soul growth that comes to the eternal part of our natures through communion with our Heavenly Father. Elder Richard L. Evans says:

> He who has ceased to pray has lost a great friendship, and he who has never prayed has never known the greatest companionship that can come to mortal man—the companionship of man with his Maker (Evans, Richard L., *Unto the Hills*, page 130).

One writer terms prayer "the greatest unused resource in the world today," and another states that if there is to be hope for a better world, "prayer, the basic exercise of the spirit, must be actively practiced in the lives of common men and women." "Take ye heed, watch and pray."

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

(Alfred, Lord Tennyson)

Work Meeting—The Art of Homemaking

(A Course for Optional Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Color in the Home

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, November 14, 1950

(Reference: *The Complete Book of Sewing*, by Constance Talbot, chapter 34).

COLOR is of vital importance in every phase of home decorating. From windows, walls, and floors to furniture and accessories, the color in your home speaks boldly of your judgment and taste. No other decorating element so surely reflects your individuality and so definitely influences the charm, beauty, and comfort of your home.

The use of color is one of the most challenging of all home decorating problems. It is challenging because, with no variation in the amount of money spent, a home may be dull, monotonous, and uninviting, or it can be a place of beauty, restfulness, and hospitality. It all depends upon individual good judgment and good taste. While the study of color is a science, still the art of producing beautiful color harmonies in a room is not difficult if a few simple guides are followed.

One of the chief reasons for the misuse of color is that many people are afraid of it. In your home do not be afraid of color. Take full advantage of its magic to express your individuality and preferences.

One of the first guides in the use of color is *suitability*. Suitability means that color combinations should be selected in accordance with your own tastes and preferences and the needs of your home. The color scheme you decide on should be pleasing, restful, and relaxing to you and to your family, and yet, give you the necessary stimulation and spiritual uplift.

Color should not be used indiscriminately. Too many colors in a room produce an effect of confusion, while too few may produce a monotonous and usually dull effect. In your decorating, confine yourself to the use of three, never more than four main colors, and employ these in balanced proportions. An easy guide to remember is to choose one dominant color and use this in approximately fifty per cent of your room, such as on your walls, woodwork, and carpet. A secondary color should have about a thirty per cent proportion. This could be used in varying light and dark tones on your furniture and draperies. Then let the remaining twenty per cent be used as accent colors, perhaps on one chair, on lamps, and with accessories.

An interesting color scheme is obtained only through the use of light, medium, and dark tones in a room. Colors should carry from brilliant to soft grayed tones. The grayed tones are best for the larger areas, such as your rugs, walls, and ceilings. Medium light tones can be used on draperies, slip covers, and

upholstery. Save the brilliant colors for accessories and accents in your room.

Another color guide which will help you achieve a pleasing color combination is to balance properly warm and cool colors in your room. Use small amounts of warm colors to balance large amounts of cool colors. Warm colors are those with red or yellow predominating. Cool colors are those where blue predominates, such as greens and violets.

Colors directly opposite one another on the color wheel are known as complementary colors. Red and green are complements, and when used together in their various tones make a pleasing scheme. The same is true of blue and orange which are difficult to use in their pure shade, but which can be used together effectively as coral and turquoise.

The third or accent color you choose will depend on whether a warm or cool scheme is wanted. The neutrals, gray or beige, can be used effectively with the other two colors to produce the right color scheme for your home. Remember that a predominance of cool colors will make your room look larger and more spacious than if you use a predominance of warm advancing colors. In order to choose colors most effectively, you will find it advantageous to use a color wheel which shows the primary and secondary colors as well as the complementary colors.

An important step in building a pleasing color scheme is to select a color source. This may be a patterned fabric, a wallpaper, a carpet, a painting, or some accessory, such as a colorful plate or vase. Once you have selected this source you can build your entire color scheme from it, determining the dominant color, the secondary color, and the accents. In choosing a color source and using the various color tones found in this source, you will be assured of a harmonious color scheme and an attractively co-ordinated decorating plan.

Discussion Points

1. Discuss suitability of color. Show how some people live more easily with one color than another.

2. Show how the use of the same color tone throughout a room produces monotony instead of harmony. Show why we need variation of light, medium, and dark tones in the same room.

3. Discuss the importance of selecting a color source. Why is it important to decide on all the colors to be used in your room before doing any decorating.

4. Read and discuss chapter 34 in the text, *The Complete Book of Sewing*, page 232.

Dreams

Nelouise Fisher Judd

Take my youth—
I do not need it.
Turn my hair to gray,
But, please,
Never, never,
Take my dreams away!

Literature—The Literature of England

Lesson 10—*Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 21, 1950

IT is the budding scientific impulse within all of us which loves order, arrangement, classification. It is such a desire which impels us to classify each other, particularly when we are children and almost entirely frank. "Slim," "Red," and "Fatty" are common to every community. When we are older, oftentimes we type each other by a dominant trait or accomplishment. "Oh, I know him; he used to lead the choir," is a classification simple to make, easy to recall, but rarely a fair representation of the essential qualities comprising a person's character.

Thus it has been with John Milton. So ready are we to characterize the whole by examining only a part, that frequently Milton's classification begins and ends with the acknowledgment that he wrote *Paradise Lost*. Rarely do we stop to realize that, if Milton had never written his "great" work, the two long poems he wrote after *Paradise Lost* still would have assured him a place among the foremost writers of English literature.

Paradise Regained (not found in our text) has been defined as "Milton's most neglected great poem." Because the form of its title so obviously parallels or balances that of the magnificent, epical *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained* might logically be expected to correspond to the first great epic in brilliance, tone, and style, as well as in subject matter. When, instead, the supposed sequel is found to be subdued in tone, written in unspectacular poetic lines, and depicting hardly any action before it reaches a foregone conclusion, it is temptingly easy to classify it as an attempt at another epic in the grand manner, but one which should never have been made by a genius whose powers during his declining years were withering and wan.

JOHN MILTON

Although from its publication, in 1671, *Paradise Regained* popularly has been remembered for its failure to be memorable, Milton, according to his nephew, "could not bear with patience any such thing" as even a suggestion that it was an inferior work. Such a statement might well be identified as that of a blind and touchy old gentleman who, having outlived defeat to survive in a world of loneliness and neglect, hoped to protect his creation from the same cruel indifference which he had known so well. This might be true in part, but a small part. Actually, in the years following *Paradise Lost* Milton's mind and style matured and ripened, as is proved unquestionably by the power and flawless structure of *Samson Agonistes*, published as a companion-piece to *Paradise Regained*, and surely written after it. If, then, his critical and creative powers were growing anything but dim, why should he himself have defended *Paradise Regained* with such vehemence? Perhaps the trouble lies with his readers, who tried unsuccessfully to force this round work into the square hole labeled "Epic."

Paradise Regained is a semi-dramatic poem portraying the temptations of Christ by Satan during his forty-day fast in the wilderness. While it contains a very few Homeric similes, and occasionally uses the formal epic device to designate the speaker, it has no other epic machinery. The scene is bare; the language is simple and conversational, yet delicate and subtle. Its poetic quality in and of itself is high, worthy of the mature Milton. Through the successive temptations, Christ's manly courage and will power become increasingly evident; Satan is fawning, cunning, and persistent, as he offers Christ "a table richly spread," wealth, political power, and, finally, all the wisdom and philosophical supremacy of

> Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
> And eloquence. . . .

With Christ as the supreme example, Milton built *Paradise Regained* to best express the great truth that man is ready to conquer in the outer world of action only when he has first learned to rule his own will and heart; then he has achieved the "paradise within."

> Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
> Passions, Desires, and Fears, is more a King;
> Which every wise and virtuous man attains:
> And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
> Cities of men, or head-strong multitudes,
> Subject himself to anarchy within
> Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
> But to guide nations in the way of truth
> By saving Doctrine, and from error lead
> To know, and, knowing, worship God aright,
> Is yet more Kingly. This attracts the soul,
> Governs the inner man, the nobler part. . . .
>
> *Paradise Regained*, II, 466-477

Because *Paradise Regained* has a unity of tone and style, far surpassing that of *Paradise Lost*, and because its force is accumulative, as clever Satan and unimpeachable Christ engage in brilliant logical combat, the poem does not contain many short passages which are quotable when lifted from the text. The following, for example, can well stand by itself, but in lifting it from

context, we violate Milton's meaning in the larger passage.

> . . . who reads
> Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior . . .
> Uncertain and unsettl'd still remains,
> Deep-versed in books and shallow in himself. . . .
> *Paradise Regained*, IV, 322-327

But, for those who love the exalted, high-singing note of true poetry *Paradise Regained* is a substantially rewarding experience.

Samson Agonistes

The title of this versified play (which was never intended for performance) means "Samson's Agony"; originally Milton thought of using the title, "Samson, the Wrestler." In *Samson Agonistes* (ag o nis′ tez) he reveals most intensely his immediate personal convictions. Herein might well be a nearly complete cross-section of his mature mind, re-created in artistic form.

What some have called his most flawless work of art, *Samson Agonistes* was written in close imitation of the classical Greek dramas of Aeschylus (es′ ki lus), Sophocles, (sof′ o klez), and Euripides (u rip′ i dez), "the three tragic poets unequalled yet by any." It is probable that he chose this form of expression for two reasons: first, he admired the rigorous, precise form which could be achieved only by honoring strictly the classical unities of time, place, and theme. (*Samson Agonistes*, therefore, depicts only a few hours in Samson's life, occurs in one place, and is concerned with one main idea.) Second, by obeying such an exacting formula, and thus focusing intensely for a short time on a small area, he could best create the great surge of tragic power it was his purpose to achieve.

So successfully does he make the devices of Greek tragedy entirely his own, that his "Greek" drama, written in English, achieves a mood and tone and strength to be compared favorably with the original Greek dramas when translated into English. Instead of dividing his play formally into acts, he uses a chorus, or a group of Danite spectators, to provide us with vital details of Samson's past, to interpret the sequence of the action, or to generalize on the tragic sorrows of human existence. These chantings, spoken in a rhythm different from that in which the main action is stated, are interspersed between more intense passages, and thereby set them off. Often in his dialogue, Milton uses another classical device: alternate speeches which are very short, and parallel in form; he also uses the question-and-answer method of the riddle. Prominent as well is his use of irony, the powerful classical device of saying precisely the opposite of what one intends. The dignified avoidance of any violent action on the stage is Grecian, as is the formula "all is best," which occurs at the end of the play.

As always, Milton's language is filled with beauty and music; it is also polished and terse. Herein are no false moves. Every stroke counts. The meter is bold and unrestrained; the style, rugged, and varied at will.

But the real beauty of *Samson Agonistes* comes from within. It is the bare, direct statement of a

noble theme which causes this work to sing within us as great literature must do. Nowhere does Milton write more magnificently.

The chief emphasis in *Paradise Regained* is on the need for attaining inner moral integrity; action is to be distrusted. In *Samson Agonistes*, however, the hero, like Christ in *Paradise Regained*, has achieved the vital "paradise within," but this is preliminary to Samson's great deed. Here, then, action is central. Samson's death is tragic in the true Grecian sense of the word, for in his death-act he proves himself true to his convictions and his destiny. No longer is he eligible to be tempted by whatever tantalizing pleasures the world might offer.

As all of us know from the story in Judges 13-17, Samson's life was one of temptation, as is the play *Samson Agonistes*. But in Milton's version, Dalila is not the supreme temptation. Rather it is the temptation for Samson to blame God, and not his own weaknesses, for his suffering. It is the temptation to compromise with his conscience, either by yielding to sensuality (Dalila), to the temptation to wield his brute strength for its own sake (Harapha) (footnote page 694 of text), or to capitulate shamefully to the enemy as suggested by his weak father, Manoa.

Milton's *Samson Agonistes* is entirely objective, since every thought and happening might well have occurred to the actual Samson. If Milton's goal was to illumine and enlarge the Biblical text by giving us in enriching detail his own insight into Samson's character and the events which brought him to serene maturity, he succeeded most admirably. On the other hand, this play is probably Milton's most subjective writing; almost as plausibly his goal might have been first to point out his own cruel suffering, caused by his blindness, out of which he now rose to defy to the end his triumphant enemies, and to predict their pending destruction. If *Samson Agonistes* is to yield up its true significance, however, it should be read, neither as a record of a particular Samson or a particular Milton, but as an artistically powerful record of the universal human conflict between sin, pride, and remorse, as opposed to integrity, humility, and faith.

Note to Teachers: To come alive, *Samson Agonistes* needs to be read aloud, both in enriching your own insight and in conveying it to your group. Read as widely from the following and from the play itself as time will permit:

Samson's opening lines, which, from his words to his guide. (1-3), through his overwhelming condemnation of his own physical and spiritual blindness (66-110), at once reveal his consuming mental anguish. Lines 39-42 are notable, not only for their specific details about Samson's situation, but also for the bitter irony which characterizes Samson's words both here and throughout the first half of the play. Milton's skillful use of the Chorus to further deepen the tragedy is seen in their first lines, particularly 115-126.

After Samson and Chorus review his life and destiny, Samson condemns corrupt nations who "love bondage more than liberty" and who deny the great souls sent to liberate them (268-276). Manoa enters, to blame both destiny and his own son, but in the magnificent reply "Appoint not heavenly disposition, father . . . ." (373-419), Samson blames only himself, and defines true slavery. Samson desires not ransom, but only his own just punishment (488 ff.). He then confesses his former pride, finds his situation hopeless, and asks that death be speedy (to 650). The Chorus rebukes God for seeming indifference to faithful and unfaithful alike, and Dalila's approach is described (to 724). Impelled by an aloof curiosity, she tries all her wiles to see which will take effect. Samson speaks his scathing contempt of her and finally, "At distance I forgive thee; go with that" (line 954), she is dismissed. Here is a scene of intellectual and emotional intensity rare even in great literature.

Harapha comes to taunt the filthy, vile-smelling Samson into attempting physical attack, but admirably Samson controls himself, knowing his strength to be not in his body, but "in the Living God" (1140). The Chorus predicts that the spurned Harapha will stir up further trouble, then sings the beautiful chorus which recognizes the new invincibility Samson has acquired by resisting all his tempters (1268 ff). The officer soon summons Samson to entertain his conquerors, but he refuses (to 1333). Suddenly realizing that he has at last achieved peace with his conscience, he feels a new rousing emotion within himself, then suddenly decides to go to his enemies to destroy them. Thus he vindicates his past sins and achieves integrity in death.

Manoa, aided by the Chorus, worries about what will happen to his son, then dreams romantically of Samson's eventual liberation, even of a miraculous restoration of his sight. Suddenly a noise "tears the sky," there is a "universal groan," and the messenger comes to report the destruction of the Philistines and the death of Samson. Manoa praises his nobility, and the Chorus strikes the final note, "All is best."

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss various reasons why *Paradise Regained* has been called "Milton's most neglected poem."

2. Why did Milton write *Samson Agonistes* in the severe form of the strict Greek tragedy? Did such a narrow limitation intensify the drama and tragedy of his play? If so, why?

3. The achievement of inner moral integrity is the theme of *Paradise Regained*. What is the theme of *Samson Agonistes*? Does Milton believe finally in action only? Text, page 677.

4. Discuss the play: (1) comparing it with the life story of Samson as recorded in the Bible; (2) as the self-revelation of John Milton.

Social Science—The Progress of Man

Part I—The Lesson of History

Lesson 2—The First Earth Government

Elder Archibald F. Bennett

(Text, *The Progress of Man*, by Elder Joseph Fielding Smith, chapters 2; 6: pp. 79-80; 5: pp. 66-68; 3: pp. 39-40.)

For Tuesday, November 28, 1950

Objective: To show that for the benefit of Adam and his posterity, God established upon the earth a perfect system of government of patriarchal pattern.

Government for the Benefit of Man

ALL mankind, both in this world and in the worlds to come, must be subject to law and regulation. The Lord has declared:

> All kingdoms have a law given; And there are many kingdoms; for there is no space in the which there is no kingdom; and there is no kingdom in which there is no space, either a greater or a lesser kingdom. And unto every kingdom is given a law; and unto every law there are certain bounds also and conditions. All beings who abide not in those conditions are not justified (D. & C. 88:36-39).

This is just as true of the kingdom—or government—of man as it is of any other kingdom.

Government is instituted for the benefit of man. Where there is no government anarchy and chaos inevitably rule. A despotic government is better than no government at all, although it is verily true that "when the wicked rule the people mourn" (D. & C. 98:9). Man has never learned to live without some form of government with authority delegated to representatives to enforce the law. Nor will such a condition ever come. There must be laws and officers to enforce them, to secure to mankind any semblance of peace and safety, even where the most unsatisfactory governments prevail.

The entire universe is governed by law. Divine authority is manifest in the heavens. The perfect order by which the stars move in their times and seasons proclaims the majesty and power of the Almighty.

Divine authority is manifest in all the laws by which this earth is governed. We are wont to speak of this authority as that of the "laws of nature." The laws of nature are simply the laws of God. These laws are immutable because they are divine. It is impossible for a man to escape the observance of divine law. He may rebel against the keeping of one law, but in the violation of it he comes face to face with some other law which he is forced to obey. Thus he discovers that in the violation of law he is not justified.

Of all our Father's creations men stand out practically alone as rebellious against divine authority and commandment. Notwithstanding the rebellious nature of most men, it is the purpose of the Lord to make them as happy as he can

in accordance with divine law. In keeping with the great work and glory of the Father, he will bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man. Moreover, since the purpose of life is that man may have joy, the Father will give to all just as many blessings as it is possible for him to give according to their works.

Man Is a Social Being, and Cannot Live Alone

Man cannot live alone, isolated from all other human beings. It was decreed from the pre-existence that men should live in social relationships upon this earth. We lived that way in the spirit world. We will live in communities, cities, states, and kingdoms after the resurrection of the dead. The family is the unit of the social order. The family organization with its power of increase is a blessing reserved for those who enter the highest degree of the celestial kingdom. Nevertheless, there will be organization and government and obedience to law, and the enforcement of law, in all other kingdoms.

The First Government of Divine Origin

The Lord instituted the first government when he commissioned Adam and Eve and gave them dominion over all the earth. They were instructed by revelation and the appearance of heavenly messengers. Celestial law was given them and they were commanded to teach it to their children.

The gospel has been taught from the beginning. Angels were sent to Adam to proclaim it. Every principle of truth essential to man's welfare on this earth as well as in eternity was made known. All precautions and warnings necessary to guard him against temptation and evil were given so that he could, if he desired, know and walk in the truth. The gospel was received by Adam and Eve with gladness.

This earth was prepared for the habitation of the sons and daughters of God, so that they could all pass through mortality and here gain the experience so essential to advancement on to perfection, after the resurrection from the dead. Adam and Eve were placed at the head, and given the responsibility of introducing the mortal life, and making it possible for all the spirits who were assigned to this earth to come in their proper times and seasons, to obtain the experience here awaiting them.

When Adam was driven out of the Garden of Eden and from the presence of the Lord, because of his transgression, the Lord sent angels to instruct him. He was taught the plan of the gospel and how, in the meridian of time, Jesus Christ would come to make amends for that transgression. When this information was received Adam rejoiced, and the darkness and the gloom, which surrounded him after he had been driven out from the presence of the Father and had become spiritually dead, was dissolved, and he rejoiced saying:

> Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God.

And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of our redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 5:10-11).

Adam Had a Perfect Government

The Father conferred upon Adam the Priesthood, and established with him and his posterity a perfect form of government. This government was a theocracy. Men holding the Priesthood ruled under direct revelation and commandment. Jesus Christ, who created the earth, was the rightful Ruler. After the transgression of man the Redeemer became the Advocate for man with the Father, and from that day on was, and is, the rightful Mediator for all mankind. Although he had not, at that time, obtained the stage of earth life, and had not a body of flesh and bones, yet he was the Creator and rightful Ruler of the earth. He it was who gave the law to Adam and to all the prophets, and while a government was established among mortals on the earth, yet it was their bounden duty to accept the rule and guidance of Jesus Christ. The government was patriarchal and the Priesthood ruled. Man was in all respects accountable to God, for "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein" (Psalms 24:1). It is his, for he made it, and while rebellion has come and men have set up governments of their own, rejecting the divine guidance of the rightful King, yet he has never relinquished his claim and surrendered his place to the authority of mortals upon the earth.

The First Man Highly Intelligent

The first man placed upon this earth was an intelligent being, created in the image of God, possessed of wisdom and knowledge, with power to communicate his thoughts in a language, both oral and written, which was superior to anything to be found upon the earth today. This may sound very sweeping and dogmatic to those who hold to the other view, but it is not any more so than their statements to the contrary. The Lord has said it; and surely the Creator, above all others, ought to know! The first man was instructed by the best Teacher man ever had, for he was taught of God, and spoke the language of the Most High, in which angels conversed. This language he taught to his children. It is true that he was left to work out, through the use of his faculties, many of nature's great secrets; but the Lord did not leave him helpless, but instructed him, and he was inspired by the Spirit of the Lord.

We should be humble enough to accept what the Lord has revealed to his servants, in preference to the theories of uninspired men, who in our great age of wonderful discovery, are ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth that saves. They rely on their own judgment, and are often mistaken in their theories and led astray, being forced from time to time to modify, change, and even reverse their teachings, as new discoveries are made.

In the Pearl of Great Price—which every Latter-day Saint accepts as the word of the Lord—the following very significant statement is found:

> And then began these men to call upon the name of the Lord, and the Lord blessed them;
>
> And a book of remembrance was kept, in the which was recorded, in the language of Adam, for it was given unto as many as called upon God to write by the spirit of inspiration;
>
> And by them their children were taught to read and write, having a language which was pure and undefiled (Moses 6:4-6).

All Races of One Blood

All those who accept the scriptural story of creation understand that the peopling of this earth commenced after Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden after their fall. The Bible does not give us any adequate account of the fulfillment of the commandment given to our first parents to multiply. It mentions only three children born to this first couple, and all three of these were sons. The incomplete story of how Cain killed his brother Abel, and then journeyed to the land of Nod where he knew his wife, has led many to believe that there were human beings upon the earth other than the descendants of Adam and Eve. Such a thought is in conflict with the thread of genealogical descent as it is portrayed in all ages of holy writ. In the Book of Moses, in the Pearl of Great Price, these matters are made perfectly clear. Adam and Eve were the parents of many sons and daughters, most of whom rebelled against the teachings of their righteous parents. Cain married his brother's daughter, and there were many who followed him. However, from this first family have come all the families of the earth, notwithstanding the great differences in race and color. These variations in color and race have come because of transgression and because the Almighty has placed marks upon certain tribes and peoples.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Have a class member read beforehand and report at this session on the character, power, Priesthood, and learning of Adam as revealed in these passages: Moses 6:4-6, 46, 51-59; D. & C. 29:39-43; 88:112-115; 107:40-43; *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, pp. 157-159, 167-169.

2. Show the truth of this profound statement: "Government is instituted for the benefit of man." Accepting this, name types of government which have flourished in the past, which have not benefited man, and hence were not acceptable.

3. Prove that the universe could not exist without law and government.

4. Is a poor government better than no government at all?

5. Describe the kind of government given to our first parents. Why did it not endure? Would that system of government be effective today?

6. Comment on the declaration: "Man cannot live alone, isolated from all other human beings . . . . The family is the unit of the social order."

7. Define the terms "theocracy," "joy," "immortality," "eternal life," "patriarchal government," "despotism."

8. What facts have been revealed concerning the language of Adam? Does this harmonize with the teachings of some scientists?

9. What new facts are found in the Pearl of Great Price regarding the family of Adam?

Music—Fundamentals of Musicianship

Conducting, Singing, and Accompanying

Lessons for Union Meetings for 1950-51

Lesson 2—"Baton Patterns and Their Application"

Florence J. Madsen

Objective: To learn and apply the language of the baton.

"The chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time." Locke.

TO learn baton patterns and to become able to use them artfully is accomplished only by careful and continual practice.

The new lesson material will be better understood if the important points of the preceding lesson have been reviewed.

1. *Preliminaries to Baton Technique*

(a) Obtain a baton of light weight and texture, about eighteen inches long.

(b) Place the thick end or bulb of it against the palm of right hand and not merely between fingers (if left-handed, reverse procedure); close the fingers around it naturally.

(c) Hold it firmly in the hand; raise to the front of you with outstretched arm; extend and point it outward on the level of your eye; raise it as high as your arm and baton will reach; lower it as far as it will go; repeat these motions several times; in the meantime, keep the arm and wrist from bending unnecessarily.

(d) When this long (maximum) stroke has thus been practiced, gradually reduce its length until only the forearm is necessary.

(1) Avoid pressing the elbows against the body. Pressure of the arms against the side of the body limits the free motion of the baton; it restrains the natural responsiveness of the performers and disturbs the tranquility of the listeners.

(2) Guard against upward and outward extension and motion of the elbows.

2. *The Two-Four (2/4) Baton Pattern*

At the bottom of the vertical stroke make a curve in the shape of a fishhook, or a "J" turned to the right. Bring the baton back up out of the curve along the same vertical track in which it descended. Continue this motion up to the place where the down stroke was started. A continuation of these motions downward into the curve and back up establishes a definite track. This track is known as a baton pattern; this particular pattern is called the 2/4 pattern. All rhythms with the figure 2 as the upper number of the rhythm signature, and also the short Alla Breve, explained in Lesson 1, are conducted with this pattern.

All rhythms can thus be indicated by certain definite baton patterns. In this connection, study chapter one in our textbook, *Fundamentals of Conducting*, by J. Spencer Cornwall.

3. *Application of the 2/4 Baton Pattern*

(a) Turn to the following hymns: *Latter-day Saint Hymns* (green book), pp. 13, 18, 25, 26, 44, 47, 51, 55; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, pp. 3,

22, 39, 44, 48, 53, 56, 60, 240, 241, 277, 284.
Hymns (new L.D.S. book), pp. 7, 12, 17, 21, 35, 41, 62, 89, 138, 147.

(b) Practice songs in the order listed.
(c) Use baton as described and directed above.
(d) Use maximum baton pattern for songs that require volume like "Praise to the Man"; use medium (forearm) baton pattern for those requiring less volume like "Come Unto Jesus."
(e) Avoid rigidity in arm, wrist, hand, or fingers.
(f) Use only the hand holding the baton for the present time.
(g) Practice slowly at first, then increase the tempo (speed of rhythm) to the normal tempo required by the song.
(h) Practice frequently before a mirror. (See textbook, chapter 1, paragraph 8.)

4. *Correlation of Song Material and the Practice Periods*

(a) Select songs that will correlate with the different lesson subjects.
(b) Use the two practice periods each month. Learn some new hymns from available song books.

5. *Accompanists*

Accompanists as well as potential conductors should study and practice these lessons to become thoroughly acquainted with baton technique and interpretation.

Questions and Suggestions for Discussion

1. What type of baton should be used for conducting?
   a. How should the baton be held?
   b. Discuss the purpose of its use.
   c. Name a few important factors in baton technique.
2. What difficulties result from the arm being pressed against the body while conducting?

Bring your hymn books and baton to all music departmental meetings.

Favorite 3-Part Anthems for Singing Mothers

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20293	Eye Hath Not Seen—Gaul	.12
R2782	God Painted a Picture—DeRose	.20
531	Hold Thou My Hand—Briggs	.15
7876	How Beautiful Upon the Mountains—Harker	.16
7002	Just for Today—Seaver	.18
1776	The King of Glory—Parks	.20
4071	The Lord Bless You—Lutkin	.15
52	The Lord's Prayer—Gates	.18
7987	The Lord's Prayer—Malotte	.20
6050	My Task—Ashford	.12
4070	That Sweet Story of Old—West	.10

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Dark in the Chrysalis

(*Continued from page 539*)

of you. I meant to speak to you that night, but the girl gave me pause."

"I thought you were talking about Mrs. Hartley," said Edith swiftly.

"Jane Hartley?"

"So did Linnie. That was why she was displeased. She did not like Jane so very well. She said afterwards she wished I were the one—"

"Oh," said Cory, light dawning upon him. "I should have known that if I weren't such a dunderhead. The crowd has been trying to marry us off, Jane and me, for years. I am afraid she contributed a little to the idea herself. I felt like a heel not to. They are such good friends, and I like Jane—she's a fine woman. I felt a little obligated to—at least not to humiliate her in any way," he floundered. "I might have even wound up marrying Jane. Oh, I wasn't committed in any way, and I am a man who likes to do my own choosing, but I told myself a man could do worse, and the crowd wanted it so. And then you came. It was out, from then on. It—that was the reason I wanted you to be the hostess at my dinner party—to sort of let the crowd know."

"And they mistook me for your sister-in-law," Edith explained.

"They didn't!"

"Yes, they did—from Linnie calling me Aunt Edith, you know. Mrs. Gooding let me know that the match between you and Jane was in the offing. I think she wanted me to help promote it."

"Oh, horrors!" groaned Cory. "So that explains the sudden formality immediately after the dinner."

"Exactly," said Edith. "Oh, I couldn't bear it, Cory. I was jealous through and through, and when Linnie—"

"I know." said Cory. "I felt that way about her mother, that I would never love again. I searched my nature, and postponed talking to you for that reason as well as because I didn't want to complicate things for Linnie. It was her show. The obligation of the parent, you know."

"I know."

"It was a postponement, though, never a doubt. Not from that first morning when you shook hands with me. An ordinary person, applying for a like situation, would not have done that. I have thought of you since—putting your hand in mine."

"I must tell you, Cory—"

"What—a past—?"

"Yes, indeed—four sons, you know, and four grandchildren."

"I knew about them. All fine fellows I am sure, all married, though—no real place in their lives for mother. Oh, it is normal enough, and as it should be. I can't wait to meet all my inheritance. I want to share them with you, Edith, as you have shared my Linnie. I guess a man always wants sons."

"There's more," Edith told him fearfully. "I promised to help Kit's wife when her baby comes."

"Soon?"

"Not for months."

"Well, she can come to the house," Cory said comfortably. "That house needs a birth. We've gone through a marriage and a death in it. Those are the roots that sink deep, Edith. But perhaps we'd rather sell it, buy a smaller, more modern one."

"Oh, no!" said Edith quickly. "That house is home to me and to my furniture."

"Oh, it is, is it?" Cory asked, with a twinkle of pleased amusement. "And so you were jealous of Jane?"

He reached for her then, his arm strong around her, his palm on her cheek, moving to tilt her face to his.

"I knew it! I knew it!" he whispered. "You fit my arms as neatly as you fit my life, Edith. I have watched your graceful movements, the contour of your lips with a good deal of hunger, my dear."

"And I," said Edith.

"Oh, we're going to be a great pair, we two," Cory exulted. "With so much we can do together. Now, tomorrow—"

"Yes," said Edith, feeling the lift of wings, mentally surveying the bright field of her future before her.

"Tomorrow!"

(The end)

Below the Mountain

C. Cameron Johns

I remember the highways
Reaching long arms to the world;

I remember the rooftops multicolored,
Covering the quiet people.

I remember the willows, red-stockinged,
Wading the reedy swampland;

I remember all the wide valley floor
And the unfettered spring of my youth.

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From Near and Far

I like the January (1950) cover, those snow-covered pines look so peaceful, and the poem "The Singing Snow" (by Lael W. Hill) is a fine poem. I can close my eyes and see those majestic snow-capped peaks and that eagle soaring around. An outstanding article is "Relief Society Women as Mothers in Zion." I like this talk by President Smith and feel much better for having read it. It inspires me to try harder to be a better mother and makes my desire even greater to be a member of the Relief Society. . . . The first prize poem "Desert Pioneer" is beautiful and I can just see the woman and live her life as she lived it, feel the anxiety, suspense, doubt, and the courage and faith to overcome. It is a mighty fine poem. I liked the first prize story "Grass in the Market Place" (by Dorothy Clapp Robinson). Also I like very much the serial story "Dark in the Chrysalis" (by Alice Morrey Bailey) and "You Can Learn" (by Katherine Kelly) is plenty interesting. "Woman's Sphere" (by Ramona W. Cannon) is always entertaining and I like to see the pictures from the stakes in "Notes From the Field."

In the February (1950) issue the article by Elder Ezra Taft Benson "Preservation of Our Blessings of Freedom" is one of the best. If there were only some way to get every man and woman to read this address. The people of America are getting too careless and unconcerned. I fear greatly for American freedom if there isn't a change made. The article on oriental china (by Rachel K. Laurgaard) is interesting to me as I am a lover of antiques. But oh, the story "I Know Where You Are" (by Inez Bagnell), how I love that story. I can just see that precious little old lady sitting in her rocking chair. The "Letter From Mother"—how true and wise. And "Early Spring Planting" (by Hazel D. Moyle)—that is right up my alley as I think I was born with a "green thumb."

—Mrs. Shelby Echols
Glenwood, Arkansas

In the May issue of the *Magazine* (page 308), it reads that Toquerville, Utah, was named for a French explorer. This is not so. Scouts came through here in 1852 and in 1857 and in 1858 Brigham Young sent Joshua T. Willis and company here to make a settlement. When they arrived here there were Indians camping on the streams. There was an Indian chief living here in a hut made from cane leaves, etc. His name was Toquer—meaning black. The mountain east of us is black volcanic rock and it was a very fitting name. It was called Toquer, and later the "ville" was added. Toquerville was never named after a French explorer.

—Mrs. Rhea Wakeling,
Toquerville, Utah

I borrowed two issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* and, finding out how wonderful this *Magazine* really is, I feel I cannot be without it in my home. Enclosed is $3 for which please send a two-year subscription.

—Mrs. C. J. Rybok,
Glenwood, Minnesota

It will seem strange to you receiving a letter from me, but I really feel I must write and tell you how much I appreciate reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I am an English girl, married during the war to a Dutchman serving in the Dutch Navy in England. When Holland was liberated we came to live here. One sunny day, I always remember it as that, two missionaries came to the door, and that day changed my life. I was baptized into the Church nine months ago, and by its teachings have learned to be more tolerant, kinder, and very much happier. One of the missionaries presented me with a year's set of *Magazines* from the Relief Society, and I can truly say I have and am still reading them with great pleasure. I am a member of the Dordrecht Relief Society.

—Beatrice von der Werf
Dordrecht, Holland

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